

other I cherish so dear,
freed me from bondage
them on Eden's bright
and partings are o'er.
friend, that you'd better
now, to God give your
er, who prays night and
her lad far away.

vation.

on; Wareham.

the Gospel feast,
Jesus' guest;
be left behind,
den all mankind.

orus.

g to your doom.
ey still for you.

on you I call,
o all;
d; come, sinner, thou!
st are ready now.

om God receive,
to Christ and live;
our hearts constrain,
o die in vain!

y to compel:
ve consent to feel.
s resistless power,
your God no more.

Friend is Jesus.

SYDNEY L. N.S.W.

ity of the Valley.

I is Jesus, He's all in all

salvation now I know;
sgressions, from bondage

where living waters flow.
s journey my Saviour is

suffered on the tree;
orld oppose me, and foes
us blood I've peace and

orus.

onward till I reach that

o in glory I shall see;
ing from my royal Mas-

marching round the

's ocean the Lord allays

Master all the way;
dvancing, its defiant flag

ect me through the fray.
rits, to the conflict I will

o leave me nor forsake:
salvation, I will boldly

suffer for His sake.

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aved ones over there,
eemer, on the everlasting

nd glory I shall share.
ters, nor tears of anguish

es all grief away.
glory, we'll His loving

reign through life's eter-

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year. No. 49.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

The Lone Wolf.

The wolf is a social animal, that is, he lives in herds or packs. He is cowardly by nature; singly he does not attack larger animals or men, but he is exceedingly dangerous when, in large numbers, and hungry, he tracks the traveler on a lonely road. Unless his horses are the swiftest, the wolves will overtake him and devour horse and man. When, in severe winters, they find prey scarce in the forest and field, they frequently venture to the outskirts of villages and towns, attacking man or beast alike.

Occasionally one meets with a so-called hermit wolf, larger and fiercer than the ordinary specimen of the kind, and in the habit of going out singly for his prey. He is a formidable enemy; past experience has taught him his power, and he combines the cunning of the fox with the veracity of the bulldog.

It is this species of wolf that is shown in our frontispiece. From the brow of a hill he views the moonlit plain. The wintry breeze carries to him the scent of the warm stables below. Noiselessly he glides in between, and woe to the

cattle whose stable has a defect that will admit the wolf. Many a valuable animal has become his prey. But also school children and adults have often been known to be attacked, killed and devoured by the Lone Wolf.

The thought which struck me when first I beheld this picture was, how like the enemy of the soul! When men slept, the enemy, in the parable, came and sowed tares among the wheat. It is when men sleep that the devil spies out their weaknesses and frailties, and trap us. The weak and the young are his much-sought prey, but he also attacks the strong, when off their guard. He is always on the watch, and at all times ready to devour. The appetite of hell is never appeased.

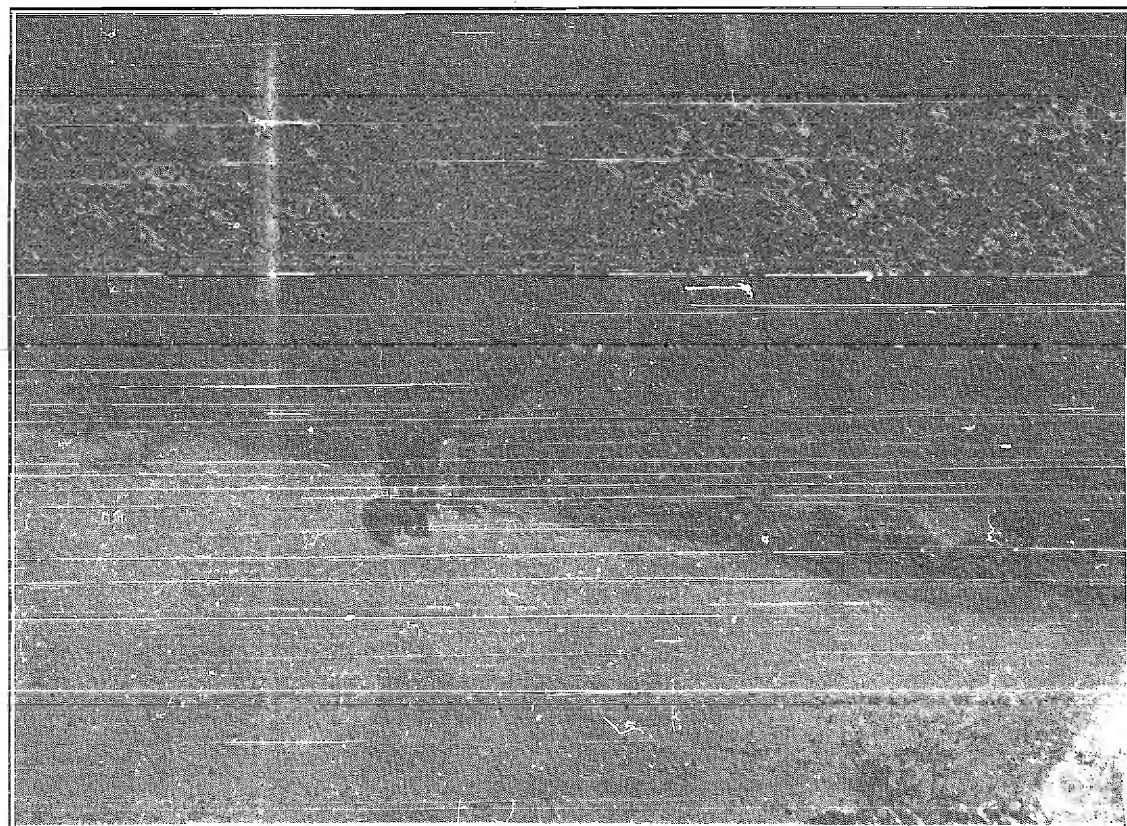
While the Scriptures truly say that the devil "as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour," yet he more frequently goes about as a sneaking wolf watching an unsuspecting Christian to catch him when he shows weariness and faltering.

The writer once stayed in a village in the far West when a man came running into the house, quite out of breath. After resting a while he told us of his adventure. He had been seven

miles through the woods, coming from a point across the bay. Shortly after entering the woods he became aware that something was following him in the distance, and presently espied the ugly head of a big black wolf. Not having a rifle with him he walked ahead, keeping his eye on the beast following afar off. After two or three miles the wolf got tired of waiting for his victim and began to advance at a trot. The man saw he had no chance against the wild brute, and ran at full speed until he had reached the village, with the wolf gaining on him, and almost at his heels when he came within easy distance of the dwellings, and dogs chased his pursuer away.

Hence it behooves us to be on our guard always, lest in one most happy and successful moment we are caught napping and become a victim.

"Watch and pray," is the Saviour's injunction, and there is no other way to escape from falling into temptations. An enemy seen when approaching from a distance is easier fought, because, expecting him, we are prepared; but many a valiant hero has fallen a victim to an ambush. Again we say, therefore: "Be on your guard."



The Tragedy of Unbelief.

The bitterest tragedies in the world have been the tragedies of unbelief. If the rulers of the people could only have believed in Socrates, what a mark, as that of Cain, would be removed from the brow of Greece! If the Othellos of the world could only have kept their faith in the sweet innocence and white purity of their Desdemonas, what tragedies of cruelty and remorse would we have been spared! If Benedict Arnold had but held fast his faith in his country and his general, the sad tragedy of the traitor need not have been written in a nation's annals.

And the tragedy of such tragedies has not been their punishment, nor their consequences; the tragedy of them has simply been the want of faith. No one ever punished Greece for murdering Socrates; the tragedy was that Greece failed to believe and love her noblest son. Nor did anyone ever punish Othello for his want of faith in Desdemona, save as he punished himself with scorn and vindictive hate of himself, because he had not trusted her, but, "like the base Indian, threw the pearl away worth more than half his tribe." Nor, in the course of history, did anyone from outside ever punish Benedict Arnold for his act of treachery and want of faith. The tragedy was all in the shame of his own heart, and the disgrace that came upon him from his own knowledge of his own deed. As Jesus said of unbelief in Himself, so it has proved itself true of all tragedy of unbelief: "He that hath not believed is condemned already, because he hath not believed." The want of faith is its own punishment, its own condemnation. God does not punish a man when that man lacks faith in a noble person or a worthy cause; rather it is likely we shall find that man calling on God to punish him, begging that the hills fall on him, and the mountains cover, beseeching that some punishment from outside be laid on him, so that

THE BURNING SHAME

of his lack of faith may be eased within. So truly, so greatly, is it the fact that the condemnation of unbelief is that we have not believed.

And the true glory of faith is that we have believed. When a man recognizes goodness, or purity, or truth, and holds fast to it, he will not doubt it, he will not be shaken from it, as Garrison wrote at the origin of *The Liberator*: "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch." When thus a man holds fast his faith, though all men laugh at him, or curse him, or oppose him, then that is the glory of the man. That a man cannot be shaken, that he will not doubt truth or goodness which he has seen, when that truth comes through triumphantly as truth always will, is there any joy like his joy—the joy of one who has believed? Faith is its own heaven. Faith is its own exceeding great reward. When the woman can say to her husband, or the man to his wife, or the Lord to His disciple, "Bless God, you never doubted me," then faith knows its crown of triumph and rejoicing.

In the published letters and diary of Dreyfus one thing stands out notably—even the perfect, unfaltering faith of the wife in the man whom France was cursing and calling a castaway. Such as these are triumphant faith, which men love and honor. God loves it, too, when thus we trust Him.

For

THE TRUE GLORY OF FAITH

In Christ is when a man's soul sees God in the face of Christ, and will not be moved. He will not doubt. He sees God in Christ faithful in ministry, and does not question the ministries of God; he sees God in Christ strong to deliver, and he will not fear. Such a faith, stalwart even when "fears and doubts assail," is its own best glory. The tragedies of spiritual unbelief are when men let the world or the denials of men darken to them the perfect beauty and purity and goodness of God in the face of Jesus Christ. That such winning sweetness could have been mistrusted, that such perfect goodness could have been darkened to our gaze by any suspicion of evil—that is the curse of unbelief, just in that we did not believe. It is not that God will punish us for our unbelief any more than it needed one from outside to punish Othello or Arnold for his lack of faith; but can a man ever forgive himself? Can a man ever see his own life with

anything but a shudder and a tear, if he is unfaithful to God in it, if he is doubting God in it, if he casts the pearl of life away worth more than all else besides?

Abraham Lincoln desired it written on his monument, "He was faithful." The wise, good man was right. That is the great glory, and the lack of it the great tragedy, in any life.—S.S. Times.

"I Am Lost"

It was my painful duty to assist in the laying away of a young man who had been almost a brother to me. This young man had a praying mother and a godless father. Together we traversed over a great part of this country, together we shared the bread of prosperity and the crust of adversity. Time went on, and he was brought low by that awful disease *mania potu*, commonly known as delirium tremens or alcoholism. We had been dissipating at a rapid rate for some time. This was the result of it all. This was going to close the last chapter of what might have been a life of usefulness had not the demon of rum prevailed. This boy's life on this day was to go out in utter darkness on account of an evil that is taking the best blood from this nation to-day, and being maintained by the votes of professing Christians.

Note the awful words that closed the life of one among many of the lost souls who pass into eternity every day, and then ask yourself the question: "Would I like my life to go out thus without warning, and my soul to spend eternity in such a place?" Listen and heed, unsaved ones. They are written on my heart, as well as on this paper. They are recorded in the great roll-book of the Judge of the quick and the dead. After speaking to his parents, this young man said to me: "Harry, my boy, the doctor says I am going to die, and while I am rational I want to talk to you. I wish I had my life to live over again. I wish the flight of years would turn backward. It is too late, too late! They'll not open the gates to such as me. There was a time in my life when I loved God, but I spent my time in riotous living, and now the door is shut. I am lost!"

Then next morning, unsaved reader, that boy's face became purple and fairly livid with terror. His eyes started from their sockets, his body quivered with the agonies of death, and while blood flew from nostrils, mouth, and ears, he fell back on his pillow cursing everyone around him, and with a scream of "Lost! lost!" he expired, and his soul passed from the wreck of a once noble boy to the account of Almighty God.

I saw that boy carried to his last resting-place, and all the way I heard, or seemed to hear, that parting wail of the passing soul, "Lost! lost!"

A Little Dead Bird.

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgeneff, tells a touching incident from his own life, which awakened in him sentiments which have colored all his writings.

When he was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble, a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and, with the excitement of a sportsman, he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought—and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt which came to him at that moment—the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father!" he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his terror-stricken face to his father.

But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said, "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."

Gold in a Lead Mine.

BY W. G. MAHON.

It was among the hills and valleys of the great Kootenay that a youthful soldier plied his work. He was young, but well-saved and sanctified, and in dead earnest about his Master's business. As he followed the trail for some miles around steep rocks, he prayed silently that the Holy Spirit would guide him aright, and at the proper time show him his opportunity.

At last he arrived at a big lead mine, and having secured permission from the manager to visit and speak a few minutes with each gang of men, he entered the dark tunnel which, lighted only by the candle he carried, led him some 1,400 feet, to where other candles gleamed, and men were busy drilling the rocks, and preparing for the blasts which were to follow. Near by other men were loading up the ore into small cars, which carried it out to the big concentrating mills.

The young soldier spoke a few earnest words to these, and with a "God bless you," passed on and up a ladder to a stope above, where he had heard the sound of a miner's hammer. A few words of cheer were spoken, and the soldier asked if there was anyone working in the second stope above. He was informed that Old John, "a hard old case," was working up there, so up he climbed. At the top of the ladder he listened and sure enough, away in the distance the regular sound of John's hammer could be heard. Dragging himself over rough rocks and through small openings, he finally could see the glimmer of John's candle, and as he drew near the old man heard the rocks rattle, and dropping his hammer shouted, "Who's there?"

"It's a young Christian," said the soldier, "who has come up to pass a word of cheer with you. How are you getting along up here, anyway?"

"Well," said John, "I am an old man, I've spent my days in sin, and shame, and crime; and now I have come here to spend the rest of my days in the solitude of this dark hole." Then, as his voice softened, and he spoke eagerly, he said, "I'll tell ye, my boy, there are three boys across in yonder drift, and if you can save them, do it, for I never want to see them come to this."

"And is there no hope for you?" asked the soldier.

The old man sighed, and said, "Me! me! No, there is no hope for me. My heart is hard, and my life has been wicked, and there is no hope—no hope. But you'll try and save the boys, won't you, lad?"

The young soldier felt the touch of tenderness in the old man's voice, and knew he was not so far away after all, so he sang in a strong, clear voice the old verse—

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,

Feelings lie buried that grace can restore. Touched by a loving heart, awakened by kindness,

Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

As the last echo died away the soldier said, "Let us pray," and impelled by the same spirit the two men knelt on the floor of the stope and the soldier prayed as never before for his old friend. When they arose the old man's face smiled out in the candle-light. He was a child of the King.

All is not gold that glisteneth, but for once at least the young soldier had found gold in a lead mine.

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards—they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, or we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Bishop Westcott.

A good conscience is more to be desired than all the riches of the East. How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself! A good conscience is the finest opiate.

FARGO presents County

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Mrs. Capt. Bill

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* Fargo, North Dakota. *

A City of Immense Possibilities—An Interesting Description of the Place and the Work of the Army.

FARGO has an estimated population at present of 12,000, and is situated in Cass County, N.D., U.S.A. This enterprising, prosperous and important city, the commercial metropolis of the State, is located in the extreme eastern part of the county, of which it is the judicial seat, having four railroads running through the same. It was first settled in 1872, and was a small hamlet until 1875, from which time its growth commenced and continued until June, 1893, when the entire business part of the city was burned, entailing a loss of \$4,000,000.

In less than one year the burnt district was rebuilt with substantial brick blocks and fine public buildings. Fifteen miles of streets are paved. It is now a live, bustling city, the receiving and distributing centre of the vast wheat region of the Red River Valley, a granary unsurpassed on the face of the globe. It was incorporated as a city in 1875, is governed by a Mayor and Board of Aldermen, and contains many fine business blocks and handsome residences.

The principal architectural features are the Court House and Jail, costing \$130,000; a magnificent Government building, costing \$100,000; City Hall, Opera House, two iron bridges and two railroad bridges crossing the Red River, connecting the city with Moorhead, Minnesota. It has seven handsome school buildings, four fine brick bank buildings, and a number of hotels, temperance, by the way, there is no intoxicants in Fargo, but across the river, in Moorhead, there are about forty saloons and a population of only 3,000 or 4,000 people. The leading hotels of Fargo are the Waldorf, Metropole, Elliott, and Prescott. Numbers of large wholesale houses, a candy factory, linseed oil mills of a capacity of 500,000 barrels per year. Fargo is the headquarters of the Northwest for all farm implements and machinery, with the finest warehouses for the same in the west. As a distributing point for farm machinery, Fargo occupies second position in the United States; in the number of thrashers and binders in stands in the first place. The city is supplied with gas and electric light, sewers and waterworks, has good fire and police forces, and has, in fact, all appointments and facilities of a thoroughly progressive commercial centre. Electric street cars are expected to be running



Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Lt. Mansell, Capt. Gillam, Fargo, N.D.

up and down the main streets before the snow flies this winter. The city contains nineteen churches in the different parts of the city, the Salvation Army making it twenty. About seven or eight years ago we opened fire here, and since that time a crowd of men and women have professed conversion, among them

SOME OF THE WORST GAMBLERS AND DRUNKARDS OF THE PLACE.

and many are standing to-day. We have some thirty-two soldiers on the roll, good crowds in the hall, and wonderful interest in the open-air. The average weekly income for the past two months is \$57 per week, six souls saved and two of same made into soldiers, and others soon to be enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag. \$40 has just been expended on the hall, and over \$50 in furnishing the quarters. All glory to God. We are looking for big times in the spiritual war. He is able to do for us exceeding abundantly more than we can ask or think. Lord, increase our faith!—Capt. Gillam.

Capt. Gillam has very modestly, in his description, refrained from saying anything about him-



Officers and Soldiers of Fargo, N.D.

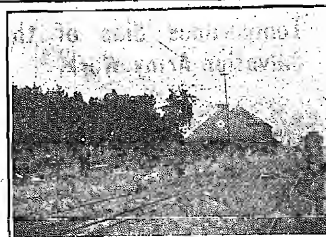
self, but we are quite certain the present prosperous standing of our corps at Fargo, N.D., is largely due to his own zeal, godliness, and ability, three of which qualities he has more than an average share.

He loves the fight, he is energetic, and makes things move wherever his lot may be cast. He possesses a remarkable voice, can sing a high alto to perfection, which doubtless has helped him considerably in making his meetings interesting.

He is assisted in his good work by a devoted and capable wife, and together they are truly proving the truth of the Scriptures that "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."—Pry.

The Home Sentiment.

Every schoolboy knows the story of the two armies listening to their bands playing "Home, sweet home," as they lay facing each other on the eve of battle. That was the only music both sides could unite upon during the Civil War in America. In Bayard Taylor's Sebastopol lyric the soldiers find their hearts turning fondly to home, and in the trenches, before storming the fort, they confessed their fearful secrets to one another in the common song, while



The Northern Pacific Railway Station, Fargo, N.D.

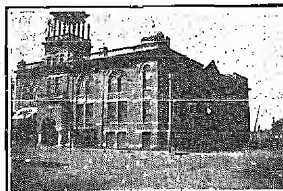
Each heart recalled a different name.
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

The home-sentiment is as wide as animal nature; it is implanted by the God of Nature, and vain were he, and foolish as vain, who would, by language, law, literature, politics, or religion seek to eradicate it from the human heart. It holds a supreme place in the hearts of men. This sentiment is deepest in the hearts of the noblest.

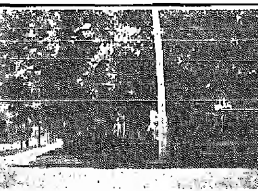
There is nothing in the life of our Lord that is at once more human and more divine, or that appeals more powerfully to the true-hearted of our race, than His tender thoughtfulness for His mother while He Himself was in agony of body and anguish of soul upon the cross. This thoughtfulness in His last hour for His mother's welfare proclaims Him Son of God and Son of man.

The Reward of the Unselfish.

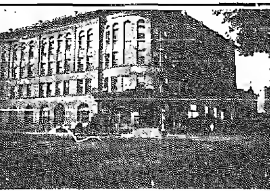
No man is blame-worthy for seeking to better his condition in life. Blame attaches to the effort only when it is exerted in selfish and unworthy ways. The man who endeavors to better himself by oppressing or ruining his neighbor—whether that neighbor be his dependent employee or his rival in business—may succeed in accomplishing his object, but it will be at the cost of infinitely more than he will gain, though he amass riches beyond "the wealth of Orms and of Ind." Following the "Golden Rule" is not, perhaps, the best way to the acquisition of great material wealth, but the compensation, both along the road and at the end, is ample and satisfying. No one will be sorry, when he stands before the judgment seat of Christ, that he has been unselfish, kindly, and helpful.



The Masonic Temple, Fargo, N.D. (Opposite the B. A. Barracks).



A Typical Residential Part of Fargo, N.D.



The Waldorf Hotel, Fargo, N.D. (Sunday night open-air stands.)



The Episcopal Post Office, Fargo, N.D.

The Temperance Side of the Salvation Army Work.

Notes of Commander Booth-Tucker's Address at Chautauqua, New York, on Monday, August 3rd.

For thirty-eight years the Salvation Army has been battling with this giant evil—Drink.

1. Total abstinence is an essential plank in our platform, being a condition of membership for both officers and soldiers.

2. The slums, tenements, and saloons of every great city are regularly visited by our workers.

3. The keynote of our work is *conversion*. Probably ten per cent. of our converts are ex-drunkards. During the last ten years we have had about two million professed conversions throughout the world. Of these at least two hundred thousand have been saved from drink, and not less than one hundred thousand of those who march in our ranks to-day are converted from lives of drunkenness, while tens of thousands have been added to the churches.

II. Our success, under God, is largely due to *discovering and remedying the cause*—we have located the *drunkoxera bacillus*! In typhoid, cholera, consumption, and other diseases, the doctors are all the time *dealing with the cause*; purify and flush the sewers, filter the water, boil the milk, and you will *cure the disease*. Society's great moral sewerage needs similar purifying. It is infested by three deadly species of bacilli to whose ravages may be attributed the creation of the drinkoxera bacillus; they are all intimately related to each other.

III. The *wontoxera bacillus*—the world's sewerage of *want*! Eight hundred thousand immigrants landed during the last twelve months; more than one million are expected next year. During April they arrived at the rate of eight hundred per day. No preparation was made for them! They were sandwiched in among the rest; a tenement of sixteen families, with three rooms for each family, was found to contain forty-seven families. In London, 3,000 families of nine persons, 7,000 families of eight persons, and 23,000 families of six and seven persons were found with only one room for each family. In Berlin, governmental inquiries resulted in the discovery that the mortality amongst these one-roomed families amounted to no less than 163 per thousand!

IV. The *doloxera bacillus*—the world's sewerage of *woe*! How closely drink is connected with sorrow may be judged from the fact that of three hundred thousand fallen women in this country nearly all are the slaves of drink. Sixty thousands of them are estimated to die yearly, while their places are recruited from the ranks of virtue.

V. The *crimoxera bacillus*—the sewerage of *wickedness*—embraces eighty-four thousand in prison, and, probably, half a million out of it—a vast recruiting ground and cause for drink. It is safe to say that ninety per cent. of these men are addicted to drink.

VI. To deal radically with the drink evil, our experience goes therefore to show that we must *remedy the cause*! We think we have discovered some suitable anti-toxine for the purpose. We have four kinds:

- (a) *Laboroxine*, or labor for all!
- (b) *Domoxine*, or homes for all!
- (c) *Bread-and-butter-oxine*, or food for all!
- (d) *Salvioxine*, or salvation for all!

VII. You say, *Can it be done?* I say, *It is being done!* The machinery is all there. Our Labor Bureaux and Industrial Homes find work for thousands of the unemployed. Our Workmen's Hotels and Shelters accommodate thousands of the homeless, while our Women's Hotels, Homes, and Refuges, and Children's Institutions, care for thousands more. In round numbers we provide already in this country for about 8,500 men, 1,000 women and 650 children a nightly pillow where they may lay their heads. During the last year we found about three million beds for needy classes. Our operations included Penny Ice, Cheap Coal, Cheap Clothing, Cheap Lodging—or as someone has briefly sum-

marized it: "Soup, Soap, and Salvation!" Over some of our institutions have been placed the words, "None need steal, starve, or commit suicide!" Over all might be inscribed the words, "Despair abandon! ye who enter here." To God alone be all the glory!

O'Flannagan Flinn.

There's a story that's told of a cowboy,
And his name, tis "O'Flannagan Flinn";
He was as wild as the elk of the badlands,
And as mean as the valley of sin.

He could whip any man on the round-up,
He could ride any bronc on the range,
He could take all your money at poker,
And give you a bluff in exchange.

And when it came to drinking and swearing,
O'Flannagan always was there;
He could drink with any man in town, sir,
And stand on the corner and swear.

He would swear that he wasn't half-full, sir,
And if the Mayor didn't bring him more rum,
He'd whip out a couple of guns, sir,
And smoke up the town just for fun.

Yet he drinks and he swears just the same, sir,
Only he's made a change of affairs,
For he drinks of the Fountain of Life, sir,
And he stands on the corner and swears.

He swears "that whiskey and fighting ain't in it;
When it comes to salvation for men,
That he's riding the range now for Jesus,
And tossing his rope unto men."

When it comes to the general fall round-up,
O'Flannagan says, "He'll be there,
That he's lit the high places for heaven,
And his pistols are loaded for bear."

That he fights in the Salvation Army,
That he'll ride a high horse all the way,
For he's headed his bronco for heaven,
And Jesus is leading the way.

Bible Authorities on Holiness.

"Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."

"Noah was just and perfect in his generation, and Noah walked with God."

Abraham.—The angel said: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me."

Jacob said: "God, before whom my fathers, Abraham and Isaac, did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." No one can walk before the Lord without holiness.

Joseph.—The ungodly Pharaoh said of him: "Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" His father, Jacob, said: "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall." "His bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob."

Moses.—The Lord said to him: "And I will take you to Me for a people, and I will be to you a God: and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God, which bringeth you out from under the burden of the Egyptians. And I will bring you in unto the land, concerning the which I did swear to give it, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob; and I will give you it for an heritage: I am the Lord." Spiritualize this, and you have Christian holiness.

Joshua and Caleb.—"If the Lord delight in us, then He will bring us into this land, and give it us; a land which floweth with milk and honey. Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

Hannah, the mother of Samuel.—"He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail."

Saul, a Benjamite, the son of Kish.—"And the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he prophesied among them."

After Twenty Years.

A Remarkable Shelter Story.

A remarkable Shelter story is told by one of the inmates of a Woman's Shelter, who, with her sister, had lived for years in the north of London. One day, many years ago, she decided to leave her sister and go into a midland country in search of her husband, who had deserted her. On arriving there she could find no trace of him, and was reluctantly obliged to give up the search.

But instead of returning to London she went farther north, secured a situation, and settled down. Soon she had lost sight of her sister, but after a time thought she would like to hear from her. She wrote again and again to the address at which she last saw her, but letter after letter was returned by the post office.

Many years elapsed, during which time she remained in the north, and once again the desire came upon her to see her sister. This time she did not write, but gave up her work and came to London.

Her first step was to go to the street where she and her sister had lived twenty years previously, but to her sorrow she found that the sister had long since left the neighborhood, and her whereabouts unknown. She then made enquiries among people who had known her sister, and was told by several that she had been dead for some years.

Thinking that further enquiries were useless she gave up the search, and decided to get employment in London.

She succeeded, but after a time work became scarce, and she was reduced to a destitute condition. A woman, to whom she was telling her troubles one day, advised her to go to the Salvation Army Captain in the neighborhood. She took the advice and went. The Captain gave her a good meal, and paid her fair to Hanbury St.

On arriving at the Shelter the woman told her story, and was given work as a scrubber. She had not been there long before one of the officers was struck by the new-comer's resemblance to a woman who was one of the regular "lodgers." Upon enquiries it was found that the latter was the long-lost sister, who, instead of having died, had drifted away from her old surroundings, and for some time had been living at the Shelter, and gaining a livelihood by cleaning.

It was a touching sight to see the two sisters, after a separation of twenty years, embracing each other and sobbing out their joy on each other's shoulders.

Sin and Suffering.

The lines of suffering on almost every human countenance have been deepened, if not traced there, by unfaithfulness to conscience, by departures from duty. To do wrong is the surest way to bring suffering; no wrong deed ever failed to bring it. Those sins which are followed by no palpable pain are yet terribly avenged even in this life. They abridge our capacity of happiness, impair our relish for innocent pleasure, and increase our sensibility to suffering. They spoil us of the armor of a pure conscience and trust in God, without which we are naked amid hosts of foes, and are vulnerable by all the changes of life. Thus to do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. No enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves whenever or however we violate any moral or religious obligation.—Channing.

The teaching of Christ—the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, a redemption for the penitently trustful—is the solution of every social problem. The Spirit of Christ—the spirit of purity and love—is the penance for every social ill.

When the worlds sees the kind of unity among Christians which Jesus desires, it will be convinced of the divinity of Christ as it can never be convinced by reasoned arguments. When, in any community, all Christians within each denomination and of all denominations love each other with the love and unity of God, the world will be profoundly impressed and will believe. Jesus said it would. This seems to lay a great responsibility upon us. Do we love thus?



Canadian Cuttings.

Mr. James Hartney, Manitoba Government Immigration Agent, estimates the western wheat crop at between eighteen and twenty bushels to the acre.

Mr. William Harman, of Morden, Man., drove a reaper over his little son in the harvest field, and the little boy was fatally injured.

Two men were killed by an explosion of nitroglycerine at the Leamington oil well.

A meeting was held in Montreal on Sunday last of those who oppose the principle of colonial contribution towards the defence of the empire.

It is estimated that the wheat crop of Manitoba and the Northwest will aggregate fifty-eight million bushels, six million shorter than last year.

Booth's lumber mills, at Ottawa, resumed operations, the places of the thirteen strikers who compelled temporary suspension having been filled.

The tank steamer Imperial recently brought 180,000 gallons of oil to Toronto, the largest cargo of the sort ever received here. The duty amounted to \$11,000.

Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton have left Ottawa for England, where Mr. Sifton takes charge of Canada's case before the Alaskan tribunal.

Three employees of the Ontario Powder Company, at Tweed, were killed by an explosion that wrecked one of the buildings and broke all the glass in the town.

The work of distributing the harvesters arriving in Winnipeg on the excursion trains throughout Manitoba is progressing smoothly.

The first car on the Preston & Berlin Electric Railway was run from Berlin to Galt on Saturday.

At Calgary a little daughter of Mr. J. P. Whitteleton was accidentally shot by a boy practising at a target.

George Stone and E. Raymond were killed at Ottawa by electric shocks.

The Midland King, a steamer with a capacity of 200,000 bushels of grain, was successfully launched at Collingwood.

It is probable that permission will be given for the organization of half a regiment of Highlanders at Hamilton.

The strike of miners at Cumberland, B. C., ended with the men accepting the terms of the managers.

In many sections of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories harvesting has commenced under most favorable weather conditions.

U. S. Siftings.

The United States imported nearly \$500,000,000 worth of material for use in manufacturing in the fiscal year just closed, as compared with \$247,000,000 in 1898.

During July 67,538 immigrants arrived in the United States, more than half being Hungarians, Italians, and Russian Jews.

General John C. Black, of Illinois, was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The U. S. Steel Corporation has bought the last block of ore property in the Mesaba range which is for sale.

The New Orleans cotton ring made \$7,000,000 on July cotton.

State Senator W. P. Sullivan, of Missouri, was found guilty of soliciting a bribe.

British Briefs.

The Right Rev. Francis Bourne, Bishop of Southwark, Eng., will be appointed Archbishop of Westminster, in succession to the late Cardinal Vaughan.

Lord Salisbury's death occurred on the fiftieth anniversary of his election as member of the House of Commons for Stamford, on August 22nd, at 9 p.m.

A British force has destroyed the town of Birmi, in northern Nigeria.

International Items.

M. Garibaldi, eldest son of the famous Italian patriot, died at Rome.

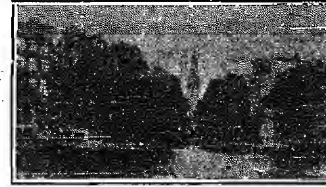
Baron Von Thielmann, German Minister of Finance, has resigned.

It is again asserted that King Peter of Serbia has threatened to abdicate.

The demand for the annexation of Crete to Greece has been renewed, and it is believed that Turkey will consent.

Russia demands a Black Sea cable concession with Turkey.

A German officer was probably fatally wounded in a duel.



A Scene in Amsterdam, Holland.

The Federal Council of Switzerland has requested Dr. Lardig, Swiss Minister in Paris, not to act as arbitrator in the Venezuelan claims.

All the male population of the Bulgarian village of Kakevo was massacred after its capture by the Turks.

A negro Prince, from the Cameroons, was arrested for not paying a \$1,750 hotel bill in Hamburg.

Reports from Monastir, authenticated by the Russian and Austrian Consuls, give horrifying details of the massacres and atrocities. At the village of Armenko the Turks destroyed 150 houses out of a total of 157 and massacred every man, woman and child. The women were subjected to the most terrible atrocities by the soldiers.

According to advices received, the Bulgarian insurgents now claim to have over 20,000 well-armed men at their disposal, and the number, they declare, will soon reach 30,000. They hope to checkmate the Turks by adopting the same tactics as were followed by the Boers in the Transvaal war.

Between forty and fifty persons were burned to death at Budapest, according to a report, in a fire in a four-storey building. The lower floors of the building were occupied by a fancy-goods firm and the upper floors as residential flats. There were 200 working people in the building and the escape of many of them and of the residents on the third and fourth floors were cut off. The warehouse contained piles of flimsy material, and the flames spread with great rapidity.

A German Imperial decree removes the prohibition on the export of arms and ammunition to China.

Prison Gate Work in Japan.

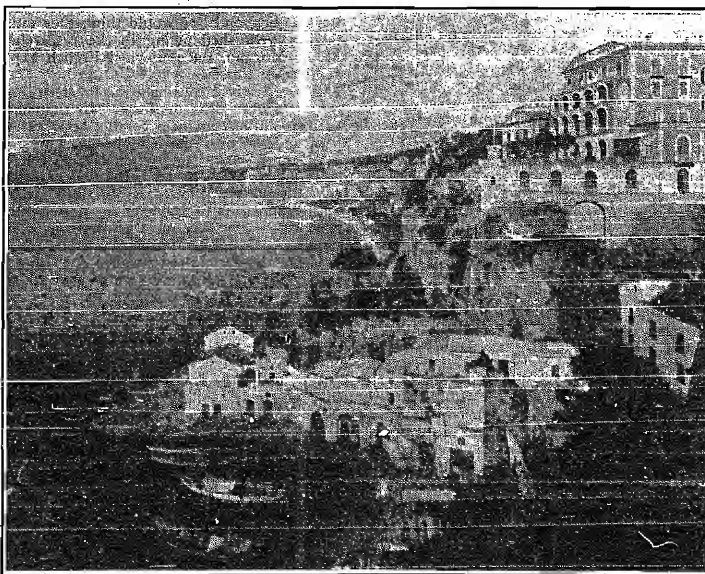
A very encouraging report comes from our comrades in Japan with reference to their Prison Gate Work. The following, taken from one of the latest reports, is interesting:

"Soon after Colonel Bullard's arrival in Japan a small Home to receive discharged prisoners was opened in Tokio. This was the first institution of that kind in Japan. This Home did a quiet but helpful work, and attracted a good deal of attention to the needs of this class. Since then a number of similar institutions have been opened. A little more than two years ago the Home was removed to larger premises, accommodating some forty men, and since that time a very successful work has been accomplished."

The following figures, showing the results for the past year, will give an idea of what is being done:

Inmates at beginning of year	32
Received during the year	50
	-82
Sent to employment	22
Sent to friends	11
Left with permission	2
Left unsatisfactory	14
Now in the Home	33
	-82

The Army work in Japan is meeting with good results. The latest intelligence is that our comrades have just opened two new corps in that land. The reports are very encouraging, comprising forty-four souls at one, and seventeen at the other, for the first month's working. The number of soldiers enrolled for the same period are twenty-seven and seventeen respectively.



Boronto, Italy.

It is no exaggeration to say that in the spring and autumn this is a perfect paradise of beauty, for it is surrounded by orange and lemon groves gleaming with shining leaves and fruit of gold. The population of the place is quite prosperous, being chiefly engaged in straw-plaiting, lace-making, or olive-wood-carving, in which they are proficient.

The Soldiers' Arsenal

Notes on Genesis

BY BRIGADIER SOUTHALE.

Chapter XIX.

DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

In the previous chapter we have noted the persistent pleading of Abraham for clemency on behalf of the wicked cities, and his prayer had so far prevailed that if ten righteous persons could be found in the city God would not destroy it.

In this we have a fine example of the privilege and power of intercessory prayer. How many have been saved through the prayers of others. This suggests another great privilege, if not a great responsibility, given to every Christian to make someone's salvation the burden of their cry to God. For we have abundant evidence in the case before us that God is longsuffering, and to be entreated, and that prayer is efficacious to move His clemency.

There are not ten righteous to be found in the city, however, and as the inhabitants have filled up the cup of their iniquity, God's attribute of justice must manifest itself, otherwise He would be considered as condoning sin. In this, as in many other cases since, and sometimes with individuals, God was compelled to use drastic measures for the sake of saving the community, or the family, from that pollution which would ultimately destroy all coming within the realm of its influence.

In Lot's attitude to the vileness existing about him, we see how a man's moral sense may become blunted, so that he may become indifferent to sin both in its effects and in its penalty.

After his rescue from the Eastern Kings by Abraham, he went back again to his coveted Sodom. His daughters married men of the city, and his family appear to have become damagingly affected by the vices of the place. Lot himself lost not the uprightness of character developed by his long residence with Abraham, and he was often 'vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked.' For that righteous man, dwelling among them, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds. (2 Peter ii. 8.) But his moral force was altogether too weak to stem the tide of evil which was against him. He was wont to sit in the gates of Sodom as one of the judges of the city (comp. Ruth iv. 1), and thus became familiar with the commerce and conversation of the inhabitants. All this would tend to blunt his moral sense, and lower him from the simplicity and purity of the shepherd life he had led among the hills of Abraham.

The tendency to procrastinate, as though judgment was likely to escape us, seems always to have manifested itself in human nature. Let us not blame Lot too severely, for with the examples of ages, testifying of the fearful consequences of hesitating when God calls, the greater majority of men stand in the same attitude towards God in the present day. How many know they should be Christians, and yet hesitate because of a cowardly fear of the consequences. However, the angels forced Lot and his family, and they were at last gotten to a place of safety, except his wife, whose longing for the evil associations she has been compelled to leave, caused the judgment of God to visit her also, for her heart was still in Sodom.

How dreadful was that visitation, evidences of which are still found by travelers in rocks bearing the marks of fire, fissures, soil like ashes, pitch falling from the rocks, rivers boiling up and emitting a fetid odor to a great distance, dwellings in every direction overthrown, and so on.

"But we may well believe that in this event, as in the plagues of Egypt, God used natural agencies to accomplish His will. 'We know,' says Dr. Robinson, 'that the country is subject to earthquakes, and exhibits also frequent volcanic actions. Perhaps both causes were at work; for volcanic action and earthquakes go hand in hand; and the accompanying electric discharges usually cause lightning to play and

thunders to roll. In this way we have all the phenomena which the most literal interpretation of the sacred records can demand."

Lot's history demonstrates to us the judgment as well as the mercy of God. His covetousness and selfishness cause him to get into a good deal of trouble, as it does so many to-day. The prayers and efforts of Abraham twice saved him from destruction, but in spite of all this his unstable nature makes him an easy prey to evil, and the curtain falls upon his vacillating career with a scene of dark disgrace, and we hear of him no more.

Our Sacred Charter.

IV.—THE HISTORICAL BOOKS.

(Continued.)

EZRA.

This famous scribe was a priest, and a son of Seraiah. When first mentioned in history (458 B.C.) he is already a man of great learning, zeal, and authority, enjoying the confidence of his compatriots as well as that of the Persian King. Ezra speaks of himself as the author of the book which is known by his name. It consists of two portions:—



Unbaked brick, made of tile and chipped straw.

I. The return of the captive Jews from Babylon to Jerusalem, in the time of Cyrus (B.C. 536), and the rebuilding of the Temple, interrupted by the Samaritans, but renewed by the exhortations of Haggai and Zechariah.

II. The second immigration of exiles in the reign of Artaxerxes (B.C. 457), with Ezra himself as the leader, and his reformation of the Jewish people. There is a considerable difference of time between the two portions, which altogether cover about seventy-nine years.

One of Ezra's great accomplishments was the separation of the Jews from their "strange wives." Many residents of the land had married foreign wives, which threatened to extinguish the Jews as a nation, and with it destroy the true religion and faith in the one God.

Ezra also had "the Law" read and interpreted to the people, and as never before made it the rule for private and public life. He also was the one to whom the rise of the scribes, that is, of those whose business it was to know the law, to interpret it, and to preserve it, must be traced.

NEHEMIAH.

The two books entitled Ezra and Nehemiah were in ancient times regarded as forming but one book, and were known in the Vulgate as the 1st and 2nd Esdras.

It carries on the history of the Jews from about twelve years after the close of Ezra's book to the last jubilee, covering a period of thirty-two years, from B.C. 445 to 413.

While the Temple had been rebuilt under Zerubbabel, the city walls were only reconstructed under Nehemiah, in fifty-two days. He was truly patriotic and zealous, and by his wise rule and reformation attracted many people to Jerusalem. After twelve years sojourn among the Jews in Palestine, and an efficient reorganization of their religious and political life, he returned to his post on the Persian court. This book closes the Old Testament History.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WANTED!—A few blood-and-fire soldiers, men or women, who have a burning desire for souls, and are willing to give their services, for a few months this winter, to form a Revival Troupe, to travel through the Pacific Province. Soldiers who can sing or play instruments preferred. Apply to Brigadier McMillan, 610 Fernwell Block, Spokane, Wash.

Instruction Drill.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

XI.—PRIVATE PRAYER.

For many reasons the soldier will find private communion with God not only profitable, but absolutely necessary to the maintenance of salvation. His experience in this respect will only be in keeping with that of the most eminent saints that have ever lived.

In order that private devotion may be the most useful to the Salvation soldier:

(a) He should have fixed periods for it, morning and evening always, and at other hours when possible.

(b) It is a good plan for him to fix a particular time for prayer. He should resolve to spend so long a period—say half an hour or a quarter of an hour—before the Lord, and having made up his mind to this, he should not allow anything that is not very important to interfere until the expiration of the time fixed upon.

(c) Some have found it very useful to have special subjects for particular days; taking, for instance, different branches of the war, or different members of their family and acquaintance one day, and others another day.

(d) Private prayer, to be profitable, must be thoughtful. Very little will come of a mere careless uttering of any request or words that may happen to come up at the time, or to which the mind may be accustomed. In approaching God, the soul should on this, as on all other occasions, carefully consider what it needs, and then devoutly make its requests known unto God.

(e) In every attempt to draw near unto God there should be the effort to realize His presence. The soul should say to itself: "God is here; He is listening to me now. I am speaking to Him." Faith will bring God nigh.

Confirmation of the Bible Story.

This is an age in which the researches of explorers are rapidly confirming the Bible story. In modern times sceptics have been driven back from position after position. The discovery of inscribed tablets of a pre-Mosaic age did away with their contention that the art of writing did exist before Moses. Then they fell back on the theory that at least the art of composition was not developed sufficiently to admit the writing of the Pentateuch by Moses. But the discovery of the Tella-Armarna tablets again routed the sceptics, and one would think they must be finally vanquished owing to the researches of M. de Morgan, the renowned French explorer at Susa, in Persia.

Formerly the critics held the fourteenth chapter of Genesis was mythical. In that chapter there is an account of a conflict between Abraham and some of the neighboring kings, Amraphel and Chedorlaomer by name. A few years ago the king Amraphel was identified, by certain cuneiform inscriptions, with Hammurabi, a mighty monarch of Babylonia. Hammurabi, in Abraham's time, set up a great stone stele in Sippara, which was afterwards carried to Susa, in Persia, by the Elamite invaders, who also took from Babylonia the finest monuments they could find. It is this stele which has been found by M. de Morgan at Susa. On one side it bears a picture of Hammurabi receiving the laws from Shamash, the sun God, and on the other side two hundred and eighty laws put in force by this monarch of forty-three hundred years ago. This code of Hammurabi, therefore, brings into full view the persons and events spoken of in the (supposed) mythical fourteenth chapter of Genesis. The laws seem to regulate all departments of life and conduct, and imply social relations of a complexity approaching those of our own day.

Another stele, still older, dating from 3,000 B.C., and erected by Naram-Sin, has been discovered by the same explorer. It is a striking presentation of the mighty conqueror in the act of despatching his foes.

Disposition is that temper of mind which any persons possesses.

Drill.

How About His Duties
Teachings of the
Army.

PAYER.

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Local Officers' Page.

LOCAL OFFICERS OF SUSSEX, N.B.

WILLIAM HENRY CREIGHTON, Sr., of Sussex, N.B., was born in Waterford, New Brunswick, sixty-six



years ago, of Scotch and Irish parents. As a boy he attended the common school of the Settlement, later helped his father on the farm, learning farming in all its various branches. On Sundays he attended Methodist meetings with his parents, they being members of that

denomination. At the age of twenty-two he went to a series of revival services, which were being conducted by a Baptist revivalist. God spoke to Bro. Creighton's heart, and he gave himself up to serve the Master.

About sixteen years ago the Salvation Army opened fire at Sussex, Capt. Degear and Licut. Elliott in command, where David (now Chancellor at Montreal) was converted. This led the father to attend the meetings.

Here God showed him a new light, touched his heart, and he, by the grace of God, decided to go in for full salvation, a closer walk with God, and then and there at the penitent form resolved to follow to the end. At once he became a member of the corps.

Bro. Creighton married Elizabeth M. Law some forty years ago. To them were born nine children, five of whom are living in the service of the King of kings. Staff-Capt. Creighton is the Chancellor at Montreal; Major C. Wilfred in the Financial Department at the Salvation Army, Toronto; Jennie M. Creighton married William Boggs, both of whom are active workers in the corps to which they belong, at Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.; S. M. W. Henry, of this corps, of whom we will speak in another column of the War Cry, are sons and daughter of Bro. Creighton.

Bro. Creighton is a Justice of the Peace, and one of the leading farmers of Sussex, living about one and a-quarter miles from the village and barracks. He has one of the best appointed farms here, being well stocked and equipped for carrying on the same. He believes he is only the steward of all he possesses, and that part of God's service is to work and to have, so he may be able to help on all good works, which he does in a right royal way. His home is a home to all officers visiting this corps, and the officers stationed here from time to time find a welcome at all times where there is plenty of all God has graciously placed in Bro. Creighton's keeping, to use for His honor and glory. They can also find in Father Creighton a true friend and a level-headed adviser in all matters either temporal or spiritual. Bro. Creighton has always led in this corps as collector for Self-Denial, and has a happy way of making up many deficits in other collections when needed. If the Lord loves a cheerful giver He surely loves Brother Creighton, as he also loves the Lord and gives liberally to Him.

He has held the office of Orderly Sergeant, Secretary, Treasurer, and I may say every office in the corps. He always dresses in a full Army suit, which he dearly loves.

Some years ago, when the Army was young here, fire swept away the building in which they held meetings. For some time afterwards the corps occupied a very large barracks, immediately under the canopy of the heavens, using the sidewalk for a platform, the drum for a penitent form. However, cold weather compelled them to look about for warmer quarters. No place being obtainable, our worthy brother at once advanced seventeen hundred dollars. In a short time a fine hall was erected, with an officers' quarters attached. Space will not allow me to enumerate all the good acts of this worthy brother, suffice it to say he is a patron saint. May those who read this humble sketch follow his good example.

WILLIAM HENRY CREIGHTON, Jr., of Sussex, N.B., is a son of W. H. Creighton, Sr. He spent his boyhood days at the District School of his native village; later following his father's calling, made farming a study, and he is one of the best of his day. Shortly after the Salvation Army opened fire at Sussex they went to Waterford, some eight miles from the town of Sussex, and established an outpost. Young Henry, seeing how happy religion made his elder brother David, thought he would go and see the Salvation Army. After attending several meetings God called him and he obeyed, making a free and full surrender of all worldly pleasure he at once receiving greater pleasures—the assurance and favor of a loving Saviour. He was soon enrolled as a soldier of the cross and the Salvation Army, not being long a soldier before he felt that God needed more workers in His vineyard, at once sent in his application, was accepted, entered the work in the year 1888. Was sent to No. 1 corps St. John, N.B., as a Cadet, where he worked for some time, being the instrument in God's hands of leading many precious souls to Christ. From St. John he was transferred to Springhill Mines, Nova Scotia, where he continued his labors for a time, seeing many a sin-burdened one lay down their load of sin. At the close of his work here he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and sent to Shubenacadie, N.S., where his work was wonderfully blessed. From here he was removed to Westville, N.S. God's blessings on his labors were freely shown here. Again promotion came to the rank of Captain, and was sent to the town of Truro, Nova Scotia, where the Lord used him in pointing many to the Lamb. He bade farewell to Nova Scotia and for a time was sent to St. Andrews, New Brunswick, where he did valiant work, leading many to lay all at the feet of the Crucified One.



At this place he was granted a well-earned rest, returned to his home in Sussex, where his father now lives, having removed to this place shortly after joining the Army. After a few months' rest from active work he was sent to Carleton, St. John Co., N.B., where he did noble work for the Master. Back to Nova Scotia, Annapolis was his next field of labor, where he did a splendid work.

Here came a change in his life. He felt there was work at home to be done; wrote to Headquarters, received permission to return to his father's farm, joined the corps here as a soldier, in a short time was appointed Sergt.-Major, which office he has held to the present with honor to the King, the corps and himself, always wearing full Army uniform, and taking an active part in all matters for the best interests of the corps. I may say there is an exception to all rules. A prophet in this case is not without honor in his own land. Bro. Creighton, whether he speaks on the street or from the platform, attention is given to what he has to say, and he has a quiet and clear way of pointing out the way to the right and correct road for all to travel.

On the 29th of April, 1903, under the dear old Army flag, he was united in holy matrimony to Sister Alice M. Hannah, of whom we have spoken in another item of this War Cry. This happy union brought out many expressions from not only S. A. soldiers, but citizens generally. Some said Henry was a good man, others said Alice was "gooder."

To-day we find this happy couple true to God and the Army, always helping on all good works. By the way, we find a great change going on in the Creighton homestead. Carpenters, masons, and painters are at work, making more rooms and changes, as it takes more room for two families than one.

Now, Mr. Editor, just a word to yourself. If

you can get a vacation for awhile, make an excuse to come to Sussex, hunt up Father or Brother Creighton, and you will find not only a welcome and a hearty hand-shake, but you will find within their home both full and plenty for both body and soul. Space forbids me saying more.—F. W. Wallace, Occ. Correspondent. [Thanks very much; I wish I could accept the kind invitation.—Ed.]

SISTER ALICE M. HANNAH, of Sussex, N.B., was born in that town in 1876. Attended the Grammar School and received a good education. Was brought up in the Church of England, also attended Sunday School, where her quiet and amiable manner made her a favorite with her Rector, teacher, and companions. Her father died when she was yet a child. Her mother married again, and left her, with her two elder brothers, James and William, to live with their grandmother. Well does your correspondent remember seeing this gentle and loving young woman caring for her aged grandparent with love and patience that none but a child of God could do. After the death of her grandmother, she acted as mother, sister, and housekeeper for her brothers, young in years; yet old in experience with the care of others. About sixteen years ago, they sold the homestead left them by their grandmother. Personally I well remember being one of the watchers at the bed of James during a prolonged illness, of seeing this sister, with noiseless tread, with tender and loving hands, ministering to the every want and comfort of her prostrate brother.



Later she rejoiced to see her brother, William leave the ranks of sin and join the Salvation Army, and being one of the most respected soldiers. He now lives in California, U.S.A.

After selling the old homestead Sister Hannah learned the tailoring trade, working for the one firm and boarding with the one family for a long term of years. Here she also learned that to labor with the hands and brains to provide food and raiment did not prevent her from having time to attend to the salvation of her soul, and to try to help others to do the same. About thirteen years ago she saw how happy her brother was in serving God, and thought to work as a Salvation soldier would enable her to better carry out her labor of love, she at once joined the corps here.

This sister has long held the office of War Cry Sergeant and collector for Grace-Before-Meat-offerings, and I may say always helping on all work of the Master and the corps when needed. Many of the sisters stationed here will ever remember Alice as a true sister and friend.

Like Mary of old, she has always been caring for others, while God has cared for and watched over her. Her brother William married, yet his sister's work for him was not ended. He became seriously ill. Again we find this sister doing the part of a saint. Death at last removed him from his wife and children, yet Alice was not forgetful to the widow and the fatherless children, both so far as temporal and spiritual needs were concerned.

You will see by the life and work of Bro. W. Henry Creighton, Jr., in this War Cry, that she is a good wife to a good husband; yet in doing her duty to her home she still finds time to work for God and the Salvation Army. She dresses in a full uniform suit, its mild and neat appearance only blends with her Christ-like character and life. Long will linger in the mind of your correspondent the testimony given by Bro. Wm. H. Creighton, Sr., at the wedding of this happy couple, which, in part, I give. He said: "I have a good son. Now I have another good daughter. May God, in His infinite goodness allow them to be with me in my declining years, and when through with this life I hope when in the next we will be one family."

Space will not allow me to tell all the good I know of this good sister, sufficient to say not half the truth has been told.

(To be continued.)

The War Cry.

PRINTED FOR Evesington Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfound Island, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto.
All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, dispatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE TRADING SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.
All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.
All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotion—

Lieut. Papstein to be Captain.

Appointments—

ADJT. DEAN, Spokane, to Victoria.

ENSIGN WHITE, Special Work, to Spokane.

ENSIGN N. SMITH, late on furlough, to Ottawa Rescue Home.

ENSIGN JARVIS, Dresden, to Wingham.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.



The Commissioner's Illness.

When the Commissioner for the first time in her experience came through a Canadian winter without any serious illness it was a source of much gratitude to the field in general, and in particular to Headquarters, and it was hoped that no breakdown would take place during the summer. It appears, however, that the fatigue of her recent extensive tour, and the great public meetings in Dawson, Vancouver, and Spokane, were too much for her not at all robust constitution. Ulceration of the stomach unfortunately set in, and had progressed so rapidly that it ruptured a blood vessel and caused an alarming hemorrhage. The condition of our devoted leader was at one time very critical indeed, and the physician in attendance personally spent several days almost entirely by her side. At the time of writing the Commissioner's health has improved, although she is still very weak and requires the greatest care.

Our rank and file, and the great multitude of our friends, will be deeply touched by this unfortunate announcement. Needless to say that the prayers of thousands of sympathetic hearts will besiege the Throne of Jehovah to heal and restore our much-loved leader.

Volunteers Wanted.

Exceptional opportunities present themselves to us to-day to extend our work among the Indians of British Columbia and Alaska. Our present work is deserving of every recognition, but we have only touched the fringe of our chances. There exist still at this day a number of heathen villages who would receive us, and turn to the worship of the true God. What we require most at the moment is men and women consecrated to the extent of giving a number of years, if not their lives, to the salvation and blessing of the Indians. Officers and soldiers stirred up by the Holy Ghost, compelled by the love of God and a compassion for these natives, should at once apply to Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich. The opportunities are great for whole-hearted Salvationists.

The General's Movements.

The General has just concluded a marvelous week-end campaign at Cardiff, Wales. One hundred and ninety-seven penitents came forward.

Colonel Whatmore is full of gratitude to God for the wonderful results which attended the campaign. It surpassed his highest expectations, and will, he is sure, prove for many days to come a mighty stimulus to both officers and soldiers of the Western Province.

The General writes about his Cardiff meetings as follows:

"I have had many a blessed day in Cardiff during the forty years that have elapsed since first I made the acquaintance of the city, but never one so satisfactory and so powerful for good as the one just closing.

"Truly God has been good to me. I commenced on Saturday night feeling physically below par; my recent campaigns in Scandinavia and Holland had told on me; but God helped me to rise above every kind of depression, and once on my feet at the four meetings, He came upon me in the power of His Spirit and poured through me arguments and pleadings that carried conviction to the hearts of the people and brought crowds to the Saviour's feet."

The General's reflections on his visit to Holland a fortnight ago have been, as is his custom, set forth in a public letter to his comrades. It is encouraging to read: "Your outlook appears to be excellent. Never before did there seem to exist such rational grounds for expecting great things as are to be found with you to-day. The increase in the number of soldiers resulting from your last winter's work shows what a little energetic action will accomplish."

In the counsel which the General lays down for his Dutch comrades is the following, which may be taken to heart throughout the Army: "More private prayer; more effort to secure the salvation of your own families; more personal entreaties to secure the attendance of your neighbors and friends at your meetings; and more straight, clear testimony on your part to the power of Christ to save and sanctify the soul."

A Dutch Good-Bye.

Striking Demonstration of Affection.

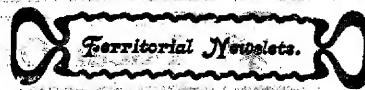
A very pleasing incident occurred at the close of the General's Officers' Councils in Holland. It was not arranged or expected that the officers would see the General off at the station, as the last session was continued so close to the time of the train's departure. The General's Staff even felt anxious of the question of their being able to catch the train, and the cabby had to drive briskly.

Our Dutch officers, however, do not give in for trifles, and, to the surprise of their leaders, immediately at the close of the meeting, there was a general stampede from the hall, and a rush to the station. The haste with which these 250 officers made their way through the streets of Amsterdam resulted in almost a panic, for someone, on seeing them all hurrying in one direction, raised the alarm of "Fire!" and numbers of people joined in the pursuit.

When the General had reached the platform at the station, to this astonishment a crowd of officers were there to see him off, the remainder arriving—both men and women, many bathed in perspiration—before the train left.

The spirit in which the whole thing was transacted certainly made the occurrence a delightful one. As the train moved off the General watched their eager faces, while they lustily sang, "God by with you till we meet again," and "Victory for me."

Adj. Bob Smith is a happy man; his Elsbeth has presented him with a fine lady infant. Mother and child are doing fine. The young daughter arrived the day after Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich left Port Essington. Adj. and Mrs. Smith will leave in a few weeks to take the supervision of our Alaskan Indian work.



The Chief Secretary will visit Peterboro for Harvest Festival Sunday. Brigadier Turner will accompany him. The Peterboro officers and soldiers are looking forward to his visit with great expectations.

Montreal I. is going to have a great Red-Hot Revival Campaign. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, the well-known Spiritual Special, assisted by Capt. DeBow, will conduct the special meetings, which begin on Wednesday, Sept. 9th, and last until Monday, the 28th, when the enrolment will take place.

Capt. and Mrs. Banks, of Fenelon Falls, are rejoicing over the advent of twins. The Captain thinks it singular they should be born exactly on his thirtieth birthday.

A new horse has been purchased for the Toronto Rescue Home, and their whole delivery outfit in connection with the laundry is distinctly up to date, and a splendid tribute to the enterprise of the Matron of the Home, Adj. Lowry.

Adj. Fraser, of the Prison Gate Department, met with a very severe accident the other morning while on his wheel. It appears a vehicle suddenly dashed into him on the wrong side of the street, when he received very severe injuries. He was taken to the Western Hospital, where he did not regain consciousness for four hours afterwards. He then was plucky enough to wend his way home. Beside being bruised considerably, three teeth were knocked out, and others being desperately loosened. The Adjutant appears to be making the best of a bad job, and is actually, at the time of writing, trying to dispose of some pressing matters in connection with the P. G. H. requiring immediate attention.

Once in a while you meet some peculiar creatures who, from appearances, do not seem to be able to boast of many of the goods of this world, yet live on from week to week in apparent ease. They are never busy, and form their conclusions concerning the duties of others from their own point of view. Occasionally at T. H. Q. we meet one of this kind, though not as frequent as one might suppose. While conversing with the industrious Asst. Trade Secretary, Staff-Capt. Patterson, the other morning one of these singular individuals stepped into the office with the courage that would have served a nobler purpose, and squatted himself composedly on one of the nearest chairs, at his own invitation. He then critically examined the furniture of the office and anything and everything which came within the range of his vision. Having satisfied himself with the peregrinations of his inquisitive eyes, he ventured to beam a smile of approval upon the Staff-Captain and myself, not in the least aware that his presence had caused a regrettable interruption to an urgent conversation, which we mutually decided to draw to a close for the benefit of our visitor.

"Good morning," said the Asst. Trade Secretary, fixing his eyes upon the intruder. "Can I be of any service to you? Do you wish any Trade?"

"Oh, no," said our slothful brother, quite complacently, "I just thought I would drop in," then with a far-away look, swinging one leg over the other, he settled down more lazily, and seemed to forget he was in a busy office where moments were precious.

"You wish to look around the offices?" ventured the Staff-Captain, by way of a hint to get rid of his visitor, as he glanced at several papers requiring immediate attention on his desk, as well as multiplicity of business looming up which could hardly stand being further delayed.

"Oh, no, no," came the slow reply. "I just thought I'd drop in and look around, you know."

The King's business requires haste, and while, wherever the blood-and-fire flag flies, it is a great pleasure to receive our many friends, and extend to them every opportunity of seeing what there is to be seen, yet purposeless individuals, who wish nothing in particular, except to occupy the time of our busy Staff, in nonentities are unwelcome, for we feel like saying, as did the Master, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"



In the course of Glasgow Housing field that heavy rent of respectable poor their requirements, wholesome conditions possible, and the less than the home. He gestions as remedied they now exist, and property that, from are healthy and reach of the poor. ing-rooms, recreation prohibition against related number in a one-room house, (3) The appointment the regulations are

Commissioner Co reading for the Social Headquarters

The International London next June a cosmopolitan assembly Salvation Army. Salvationists are every quarter of the

A City Colony story of a man who, drink or passion, br Social Institutions charge. A few weeks on the streets, soon engaged in distribut the Blackfriars Fr homeless and penni haunts of the home who had abused him was penniless the Sa evil by handing him giving him some good

This act of kindness poor outcast, and he had received, and ter the following mo verted, and so thorough actor that soon we fit and living in respect his gratitude for wh he frequently comes gives his testimony.

I recently heard a soldier who had des one of the colonies at this country. While Leith, Scotland, the tramped into England in a destitute condition fellow was attracted meeting, and at the form. There he told by the officer to do wh er himself to the auth was quite prepared to would give him deliv

The bargain was st the converted soldier and gave himself into before the magistrate, ed for eight days, ar charge of the milita wards the young mai to get converted was needed with our Navy

An Army "special corps that shall be nary remarks explain gracefully, or use elo o'd worthies, on heal could, with advantage words in his own testi ing Dad had his oppo it, he lost no time in a

OUR GLOBE ARMY

Great Britain.

In the course of giving his evidence before the Glasgow Housing Commission, Colonel Hodder held that heavy rentals compelled a good number of respectable poor to live in homes too small for their requirements, with the result that a clean, wholesome condition of things was almost impossible, and the streets became more desirable than the home. He submitted the following suggestions as remedies: (1) Wipe out the slums as they now exist, and substitute for them blocks of property that, from the municipal standpoint, are healthy and sanitary, at rentals within the reach of the poor. Include in the scheme reading-rooms, recreation-rooms, etc. (2) Vigorous prohibition against over-crowding, with a stipulated number in a family who may occupy a one-room house, two-room house, and so on. (3) The appointment of janitors for seeing that the regulations are observed.

Commissioner Cox conducts a weekly Bible-reading for the officers attached to the Women's Social Headquarters at Mare Street.

The International Congress to be held in London next June and July will be the greatest cosmopolitan assembly ever arranged for by the Salvation Army. Fully one hundred thousand Salvationists are expected to be present from every quarter of the globe.

A City Colony officer recently told me the story of a man who, while under the influence of drink or passion, broke a window in one of our Social Institutions and abused the officer in charge. A few weeks later the same officer was on the streets, soon after midnight on Saturday, engaged in distributing tickets of admission to the Blackfriars Free Breakfast meeting for homeless and penniless men. In one of the haunts of the homeless he came upon the man who had abused him, and on learning that he was penniless the Salvationist returned good for evil by handing him all the coppers he had, and giving him some good advice.

This act of kindness completely broke up the poor outcast, and he made use of the invitation he had received, and went to Blackfriars Shelter the following morning. There he got converted, and so thoroughly changed was his character that soon we find him in good employment and living in respectable lodgings. To show his gratitude for what God had done for him, he frequently comes to the Shelter meetings and gives his testimony.

I recently heard an interesting story about a soldier who had deserted from his regiment in one of the colonies and worked his way back to this country. While his vessel was lying off Leith, Scotland, the deserter swam ashore and tramped into England. Then, wandering about in a destitute condition one night, the young fellow was attracted into a Salvation Army meeting, and at the close went to the penitent form. There he told his story, and was advised by the officer to do what was right, and surrender himself to the authorities. This the penitent was quite prepared to do, he said, if only God would give him deliverance.

The bargain was struck, and the next morning the converted soldier went to the police office and gave himself into custody. When brought before the magistrate, the prisoner was remanded for eight days, and then transferred to the charge of the military authorities. Soon afterwards the young man who had traveled so far to get converted was linked on to an officer connected with our Naval and Military League.

An Army "special" was visiting a certain corps that shall be nameless, and in his introductory remarks explained that he couldn't "speak gracefully, or use eloquent words." One of the old worthies, on hearing this, decided that he could, with advantage, introduce these two long words in his own testimony. Later in the evening Dad had his opportunity, and, having seized it, he lost no time in assuring his comrades that,

like the stranger, he was also unable to speak granite or elephant words!

United States.

The Commander was cordially received by Dr. George Vincent at his recent visit to Chautauqua, at which Mrs. L. Stevens, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was present. The War Cry secured a skeleton of the Commander's address delivered on the occasion, which is printed in this edition.

The success of the Reliance Trading Company has long since become an assured fact, and the company to-day stands forth as a monument of the Commander's business sagacity.

In view of the great International Congress at London next year, arrangements are now in progress for chartering an Atlantic Liner, with accommodation for about 500 passengers, as it is calculated that at least this number of delegates will be taken.

In the course of three months the Captain of the Toledo Shelter has collected fifty tons of waste paper, has added two horses and wagons to the work in that city, and has the salvage on a thoroughly self-supporting basis. The Captain has great plans in view for the future, and hopes to have three more wagons by Christmas.

There is a law in New Mexico which makes it a misdemeanor for females to frequent drinking places. One over-officious deputy sheriff, in Roswell, undertook to force this law against the Salvation Army officers and soldiers selling Crys in saloons. He forbade them admittance to several saloons on different occasions. Our comrades went to the proper officials about the matter, and secured a permit giving them full authority to sell their papers, and take up collections, and solicit money in any place of business within the city limits. This permit was signed by the highest legal officials, and has settled the question. One saloon man buys twenty Crys every week, and gives them to his customers.

India.

Commissioner Higgins, who has been visiting England, has returned to India. The Chief of the Staff, in referring to the Commissioner, says, in the London War Cry:

"His life is one of very real and devoted self-denial for the Kingdom's sake, and for India's sake. His is service which can only be rendered to God out of a pure heart, and which only God can fully reward. Those of us who have the opportunity of knowing the burdens and difficulties of such a work as the Army is carrying on in India can only rejoice with great joy, and witness to the finger of God, when we see the great love with which our officers in that country love it and its people. I know of no other department of Army labor which seems to lay hold of the heart and imagination so deeply. It seems as though there is some precious compensation of love wrought in those who suffer for India, which more than makes up for every burden and every trial. The Commissioner and Mrs. Higgins—who remains in this country—will have the prayers of their comrades everywhere."

Australasia.

The Comptroller General of Prisons, Charles E. de Pennefather, recently wrote as follows to Commissioner McKie:

"I may say that in respect to discharged prisoners, and the work of the Prison Gate Brigade, I have every reason to believe that the shelter afforded by the Army Homes for discharged prisoners, and the efforts of the officers to secure them employment, are the means of saving many from relapsing into crime."

"I may add that the officers of the Prison Gate Brigade have always rendered me the most cordial assistance on any occasion when I have called upon them to do so, and that they invariably assist by seeing discharged prisoners off by train or steamer, as the case may be, when required."

"I enclose a subscription."

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Horskins has taken the oversight of the Women's Wing of the Training Garrison. This will no doubt prove a beneficial arrangement in the interests of the female Cadets.

(From the Brisbane Daily Telegraph's Account of the Social Annual Meeting.)

"The Mayor, who met with a splendid reception, congratulated the Army on the progress made during the past twelve months. That period has been one of great anxiety, particularly among the poor."

"He would refer to the Social Work of the Army, as he was brought more into touch with that particular branch of their work than with any other. He had been greatly assisted by the officers of the Army, particularly at the time of the unemployed trouble. He understood that a branch of the Nursing Sisters' League was to be instituted in Brisbane. He had asked the Brigadier (Knight) how he could help the institution, and had suggested that he (Alderman Corrie) should mention the matter at a public meeting of citizens."

"Brigadier Knight had replied that as so many special efforts were being made at that time to raise funds for the hospitals, it was advisable to postpone consideration of his own particular scheme."

"He (Alderman Corrie) wished to say now that he was ready to do all in his power to assist the Brigadier's scheme as soon as he was ready with it."

Finland.

Colonel Ogrim, our recently-appointed commander in Finland, has just had a very exciting experience. While touring his Territory, the Colonel embarked on a steamer for Kemi, the farthest north corps in Finland. All went well for several hours, and the passengers were thoroughly enjoying the voyage when, without warning, the steamer struck a submerged rock. The water immediately rushed in and the passengers had to flee from the saloons for their lives.

Happily the vessel was firmly stranded on the rock, and thus prevented from slipping into deep water. Otherwise she might have foundered very quickly and many lives been lost. As it was, land was seen at no very great distance, and when the boats had been lunched they transferred the passengers to the shore in a couple of journeys.

Jamaica.

During the Spanish Town revival the interest of the public has been so great that we have with difficulty been able to have private meetings for converts and soldiers. On one or two occasions we had to send for the police, so determined were some unconverted ones to enter. At length we hit upon this plan, which worked well: we would allow in those who were willing to go right up to the penitent form to be dealt with. On one Tuesday night three men and one woman agreed to these terms, and as they came in singly, we suspended everything else and personally dealt with them as they entered. We insisted upon them praying for themselves, after we had prayed and sung for them. Some wept bitterly and professed conversion. A woman promised one night to go to the penitent form, but when she got inside she changed her mind, and sat behind the soldiers. "No, you don't," said Capt. Facey, "you must either carry out your promise or leave the barracks." Not wishing to be turned out, and seeing all eyes fixed upon her, she soon started crying, and allowed herself to be led forward. She got saved.

On three separate occasions have we had men somewhat the worse for liquor, who came to get converted. One wanted to be measured for uniform on the spot, and another promised to leave off the drink, but "not all at once," for fear that his general health would suffer!—Adj. W. R. Phillips, Jamaica.

Sweden.

Colonel and Mrs. Povelsen, Sweden's new Chief Secretaries, received an enthusiastic welcome on their arrival at Stockholm.

OUR MISSIONARY FIELDS. MASHONALAND.

Two years ago Commissioner Kilbey visited Mashonaland for the purpose of re-establishing our missionary work among the natives, which had been so tragically terminated by the rebellion a few years previously. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Bradley accompanied the Commissioner and remained on the Settlement. Of the old buildings nothing was found but the charred remains. Even the bricks had been taken away. During the two years a substantial hall has been built, a four-roomed house for the Staff-Captain's family, a large square hut for Lieutenant M'Bambo and family, and other good huts for the "boys" and for use as stores. All this has been done in addition to the direct spiritual work which the Staff-Captain and his helpers have accomplished, and of which Lieut.-Colonel Pearce, who has just returned from Mashonaland, writes in the following article:—

The Pearson Settlement is our most advanced outpost towards the wilds of Central Africa.

In one sense we are near enough to the savage lords of Central Africa to satisfy our peace of mind. For we learned that at least one king of beasts, with his consort, was prowling over our farm some little time ago. Another old lion ventured in much nearer to Salisbury about the same time, but did not return. Tigers, or cheetahs, are pretty plentiful, and as we sat in our little quarters of an evening, the yelp of the jackal was answered by the angry bay of the dogs that guard our dwelling.

Then there is the river hard by, which is reported to be teeming with crocodiles.

THE NATIVES OF MASHONALAND are not of the highest type, either in physique or intelligence. Still, they are a race capable of much good or ill, according to the influences brought to bear upon them. The difficulties to be overcome by those who set out to teach them the principles and practices of Christianity are stupendous, for

THEY CLING TO OLD TRADITIONS

and practices with an almost fanatical tenacity. It is rather hard on the converted elder son of a family, for example, to be forced, in the event of the death of his father, to take all his father's wives—with the exception of his own mother—to be his wives. Yet custom and tradition exact this of him.

Then the language is another obstacle. It is peculiar, different in many essential respects from Zulu, Amasosa, or Matabele, and the novice has to stumble on, ever learning by experience. The only literature at the disposal of Staff-Capt. Bradley is the Gospel of St. Matthew. This is the only portion of sacred writ yet translated. The officers have succeeded in translating seven or eight of our Army songs into Mashona, and they now ring or sing the changes on these eight in all their meetings. There is one comforting reflection—those who come under our influence at least know eight songs, which is more than they ever knew before. But there are more to follow.

The morning after our arrival at the Settlement, three of the native chiefs came to salute us. The indaba (council) was interesting. The visiting Umfundis (i.e. teacher) must say something to them of course, so Staff-Capt. Bradley interpreted. They were impassive enough during the greater portion of the indaba, and it was easy to see what were the points that "fetched" them.

The observation that they seemed to appreciate most was that they were not to fight any more, but now they were under our charge they were to be at peace among themselves. This was received with decisive grunts and nods at each other, as much as to say, "And don't you forget that." This anxious concern that their neighbor should wear the cap must be put down to the fallibility of the poor native; white people would know better, of course!

And what is being done for the uplifting and salvation of the native? Considering the diffi-

culties of the fight, much has been done, and the

SIGNS FOR THE FUTURE ARE DISTINCTLY PROMISING.

On Sunday the bell tolled at 6 a.m. to rouse the people for knee-drill.

Our comrades, by the by, are proud of this bell. It weighs no less than 140 pounds, and is the biggest in the district, not excepting Salisbury. They had ordered a bell, but a much smaller one, and the present article came to the Salisbury merchant in error. It was looked upon as a prize by more than one person, who would gladly have annexed it for other purposes, but, in the words of our comrades themselves, "We thought the Army was entitled to the very best bell obtainable." So they worked and scraped together enough to pay for it, and proud they were when it was hoisted outside their little hall, and they heard its sonorous tones pealing through the valley of the Mazoe.

Knee-drill was held at the orthodox time, 7 a.m., and, listen to this ye favored ones of the towns and cities, no fewer than eighty persons attended.

Later on another meeting was held, when the little hall was filled to overflowing with some 120 persons. The average congregation is about eighty or ninety, the extra turn-up was on account of the arrival of the Umfundis from Cape Town.

Another meeting for children was held under the leadership of Lieut. M'Bambo, who adds physical drill and sundry marvelous exercises to the spiritual instruction. The children seemed to appreciate the former even more than the latter.

A soldiers' meeting, too, was among the events of the day. In this no fewer than twenty-one adults testified, and by all appearance they were sincere and intelligent. The public meeting was very interesting, inasmuch as it included two ceremonies which were new to the onlookers—a dedication and a swearing-in of soldiers. Lieut. and Mrs. M'Bambo brought their two youngest children to God, and it was most striking to observe the eager countenances of the people as they closely watched the presentation to the Lord. The swearing-in was no less interesting. Only two converts were made soldiers for a start; but the declarations of the Articles of War was an education to all, and the Umfundis, Staff-Capt. Bradley, anticipates some eager requests from others to be admitted to the honor of full soldiery. The singing of the natives was splendid, the order and respect all that one could desire, and at the close, in response to the invitation, four souls,

ONE MAN AND THREE WOMEN, KNELT IN PENITENCE AT THE MERCY SEAT.

It was worth noting that each one offered an

extempore prayer, and, if the tone and appearance were any reliable index to the sincerity and earnestness of the converts, the angels in heaven must have rejoiced indeed over those poor, dark souls seeking pardon.

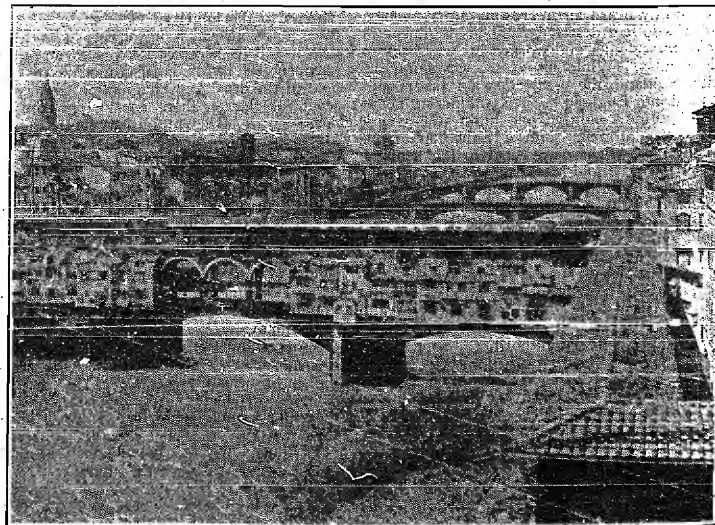
In response to our query as to whether these people really do repent of their sins, Mrs. Bradley related the case of one of their first converts, named Nyareri, who shed bitter tears, rolled on the floor, and roared as in agony for God to have mercy on him. He is now one of their best and most promising "boys."

A school is held every morning, attended principally by adults. These display not a little eagerness to learn. When the weather is favorable the class is held in a somewhat informal way outside the hall. The lessons are necessarily simple; but some of the scholars are already beginning to read their precious and only exercise-book, the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and as they learn the syllables and words, they in turn assist the teachers in other difficulties in the language, and so the school goes on with mutual advantage.

Mrs. Bradley nobly fills in her part in the matter of education. She superintends the sewing class, and the mummies and young girls are entranced at the prospects of learning how to make shirts and skirts, and the few other articles which go to make up the modest wardrobe of the Christianized native. It would be cruel to laugh at the clumsy attempts of the beginners, when a needle is first put in their hands, although they laugh awkwardly enough at their own awkward fumbling, but I, being a mere man, took courage at the sight.

"How are you getting on with the language, M'Bambo?" was a question I put to the energetic Lieutenant the day before leaving. M'Bambo's reply was shrewd and worthy of the man. "Well, you see, I don't think we know much; I feel very much tried and conscious of my lack of knowledge, but, then, souls are getting saved, it is evident God is making the people understand us. Hallelujah!" This is the secret of their success. God is with them! He makes the people to understand; His Spirit is as penetrating and powerful with the untutored native as with the educated European.—F. W. P.

Two splendid cases of conversion are reported from Brisbane, Australia. The first proved to be a man with a B.A. degree, who had marched with Kitchener to Khartoum, but who had become a drunkard and an unbeliever. He is now appointed to instruct the boys in the Riverview Home. The other convert is a splendid scholar, having graduated from the Glasgow University. He is now a Salvation Army soldier, working hard for God.



The bridge shown in the picture was built over 500 years ago. For centuries the sides of this bridge have had some about of jowlers and goldsmiths clinging to it, like barnacles to the side of a ship.



THE SPIRIT
Bracebridge.—Gliding from start to finish. Many moved to tears rejoicing over three so.

SAVED
Belleville.—We are meetings Saturday morning. One man was inside meeting. God yielded of sin in the greater things in the

Brookville.—Our office where he has been spending better and feeling. We had an enrollment took their stand beneath Staff-Capt. Gresham, all. God is blessing a Special Correspondent.

Billings, Mont.—Just a line in every corner. The time at the Holy Ch. very much, and the less permitted to listen to be help we are endeavoring what we learned. God again soon, where she

Glory to His name. showers we plead. The able always moving. meetings rather small, and, in the faith, bell in our midst. God is our H. P. target in at again we go to conquer, the Victory through the Capt.

Blanch Bay.—What a having some blessed the pleading with God for a one returned. Since His the devil out of this place has helped us in the past some real good soldiers can get help from Comd; when she does come, at We mean to win with boys.

Cott's Island, Nfld.— blood-and-a meeting. God. We are in for ve

A VISIT FROM
Clark's Harbor, N.S.—visit from English Piercy Monday and Tuesday, gave a lantern service, was very interesting to was a time of victory. ing salvation. We are future.—Suffrage.

Garzmont, N.S.—Prize visit from Capt. Osborne. Capt. Osborne was at the ago, and built the barracks all day yesterday (Sunday) time—good, stirring news. received a wonderful blessing upon us. May God bless again to the old land, mouth. The Captain was his daughters.—Jesse Joe.

WHAT
Halifax 1.—The girls, G and under the leadership banner, leaving the victor The girls composing the 4 Handy, Sadie Collins, Ver

BAI
Hamilton, Ber.—On V festival. Our brass band, weeks' tour through the corps in the District, an Last came the great final well advertised, and quite the townsmen, who speak gorgeous in their red tuni The uniform was admitt over sea to the island. They gave quite a laugh immensely. Then we were together we spent a very many were the good wish them when they arrive in

A GLO
Hillsboro, N.S.—Since is in a marvellous way in the have already taken their in very much appreciated and listen to the words P. O., was with us for a His corn and autumn-pla

THEY ST
Kempville.—Praise God comrades are not many in kind who stand in the Sunday, and at night God's When the invitation was the mercy seat, where God deep conviction, but no on down sin and lift up rig

LEST
Listowel, Ont.—We are ing here. God's presence is getting saved. One so many more to come. Our held one children's picnic much enjoyed by all. Your a full account of the picnic Sharpe.

SOULS
Medicine Hat, N.W.T.—our, starting at noon. The God soul-searching time a easy a brother got free-at the night meeting another

Central Happenings.

The visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering, with their children, has proved a great blessing to the corps visited—paid ostensibly for the purpose of physical recuperation, they have combined the two objects, and as a consequence the corps have received a great impetus forward, while numbers have been saved and blessed.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., was the first corps visited. This corps was opened a year ago, and already a corps of nearly fifty strong are fighting away. The temporary commercial check to the steel industry here has caused numbers to seek employment elsewhere, and amongst them a number of new converts. Nevertheless, the work has rolled on, and under the able leadership of Capt. McNanney, has made good headway. Our barracks, situated in a good central position, is well attended by the right sort of people.

We commenced with a red-hot meeting on Saturday night, at which the visitors were accorded a very enthusiastic welcome. Sunday was a triumphant day from start to finish, the barracks being too small to contain the crowds desirous of attending the meetings. Nine new soldiers were enrolled, several married couples amongst them, the outcome of recent penitent form victories.

An holy unction rested upon each gathering, but night was the crowning time. An earnest address by Mrs. Pickering touched many hearts, and Ensign Arnold's solo, "Oh, remember," added to the depth of feeling and paved the way for the Brigadier's address, which was listened to eagerly and intently. A well-fought prayer meeting closed the day's fighting and fourteen men and one woman sought the pardon of their sins. Said this sister, "Oh, I am glad I came to-night, I felt it was my last chance."

Monday was the musical festival, and a crowded house was delighted with the singing. Ensign Arnold's violin, and the children's drills. The offerings were record ones, over \$100 for the week-end. Several new converts gave orders for uniform. There is a big future before this corps. Lieuts. Jones and Luggar are loyally supporting Capt. McNanney.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., was the next place visited, and a crowded hall the first night rewarded the enterprising toil of Capt. Meader and Lieut. Porter. This corps was opened last May, and although the difficulties have been greater than in the sister city on the Canadian side, yet we have won, and a number of souls have been saved. A splendid tribute to the untiring zeal of the two officers in charge was that long line of recruits who stood up to be enrolled under the colors. Amongst them was a man who, up to a few weeks ago, was a terrible drunkard; his little girl had never been into a church or Sunday School, but now all is changed since he got saved. Truly he is a brand plucked from the burning. May God keep him true. Although up two flights of stairs, good crowds attend our meetings, and the prospects are bright for the winter.

Colors were presented to the corps, and will in future fly side by side with the national emblem. The meetings were again mightily visited

by the Holy Spirit, and souls were saved. Over \$600 was freely given in the offerings. We had to leave before the prayer meeting concluded to catch our steamer for the next appointment. The Michigan Soo is all right in the hands of Capt. Meader, and greater victories will yet be won.

After steaming for thirty hours in and out amongst the 30,000 Islands scattered through Georgian Bay, we arrived at Gore Bay, our latest opening, and were welcomed by the smiling Captain (Capper). A full program had been arranged, and after attending to some pressing mail we were soon off to Britanniaville. This is a farming district seventeen miles from Gore Bay. Quite a little history is attached to the building we now use as a barracks. An old Salvationist from Barrie, who moved here, was constrained to erect the building, and then wrote to the Commissioner of those days begging for officers; but the rapidly-extending work did not allow of officers being spared there for such a small place, and with a sorrowful heart our comrades gave the building over to others, but still praying for the way to open for the Army. Over ten years rolled away, still his heart's desire seemed no nearer being realized; but in March last Capt. Capper, then at Little Current, while prospecting around there, conducted a meeting in the building and souls were saved, the outcome being that in May the Army opened fire, and now we have quite a good company of blood-and-fire soldiers. Our brother, Sergt.-Major Brooks, holds the fort when the officers are at other places in the Circle. We had a crowded building here and a fine meeting.

Next day, bright and early, we were off to Mr. Allen's grove, where we held a field day, attended by over 300 people. A real old-fashioned free-and-easy was conducted in the afternoon, followed up at night with another meeting in the Orange Hall, Mills, another outpost from Gore Bay. The building was crowded, and all enjoyed the musical meeting. The crowd showed their appreciation by giving \$20 in the collection.

Next night we visited Gordon, and were once again greeted by a crowded building. A blood-and-fire meeting closed with two souls seeking mercy.

Saturday found us in Gore Bay, where the week-end meetings were to be conducted. The spacious Brazenors Hall had been secured for the week-end, and was filled for the first meeting. Colors were presented, and we closed full of faith for a big day on Sunday, nor were we disappointed. The congregations were a surprise; people drove in from distances of twenty-seven miles to attend the meetings. In the afternoon twelve fine recruits were enrolled, and at night the hall was unable to hold the crowds. God's Spirit again took hold of the people and a number of souls sought mercy, the first a fine young man, who should make an officer in the future.

Monday was the great musical go. The building was crowded at 15c. We finished up with a splendid financial result—\$120 for the week-end. Capt. Capper has a splendid hold, and is assisted by Lieut. Berry. This is a great opportunity, and should be taken every advantage of, for the Kingdom's sake. We parted from these

people with great regret, but full of gratitude for what had been accomplished during the three months the flag has been flying here.

Wednesday finds us busy with the D. O. Adj. and Mrs. Burrows, at Owen Sound, and many matters claimed our attention until meeting time. We were delighted to see a full hall. The music and drills again met with an appreciative reception. \$23 was given in the offering. This closed the tour, and we set off back to Headquarters, rejoicing in the good results of our trip. Thirty souls have sought pardon, twenty-eight recruits enrolled under the flag, \$350 were given in collections, and we had the privilege of bringing the claims of Christ before 5,000 people who attended the indoor meetings, besides receiving considerable physical benefit from the trip.—"Caledonia."

Brigadier and Mrs. Moss at Dundas.

Lieut. Minnis led us on Sunday in the morning and afternoon meetings, while the meeting in the evening was conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Moss.

The afternoon open-air was an interesting affair, two soldiers just transferred from England to Dundas taking their full part.

Brigadier and Mrs. Moss spoke to hundreds who stood around the open-air ring at night. The barracks was once again crowded by people who desired to see and hear our esteemed visitors. After the first song and prayer, they sang a duet, then Mrs. Moss spoke with telling effect, relating a story of a dying mother and her boy. As Mrs. Moss spoke many were in tears.

The Brigadier, in the course of his address, spoke of the importance of action. He said it was the most important thing with many, as far as their salvation was concerned; that it wasn't because of ignorance altogether that the sinner loses his soul, but he fails to act up to the light he already possesses.

Dundas people are glad to see Brigadier Moss in town, and are equally pleased to meet with Mrs. Moss.

We are looking forward to a triumphant time on Sept. 6th, which will be the Brigadier's last Sunday in Canada for some time.

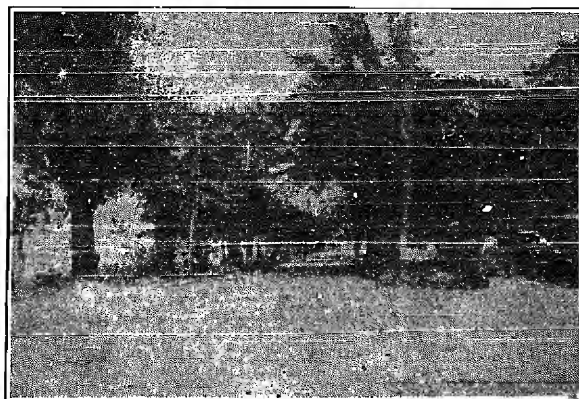
Collections and crowds the best yet.—Thos. J. Meeks, Capt.

Bermuda Band at Sydney.

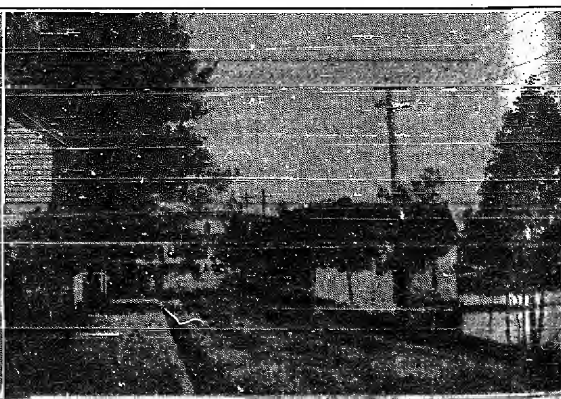
(By Wire.)

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, accompanied by Major Howell and the famous Bermuda band, received a hearty welcome to North Sydney. Popular interest was at highest pitch. Great crowds attended the meetings. Bro. D. Smith's address on the Army's work in the West Indies was very instructive. People were delighted with the band boys. Good spiritual work accomplished. The income \$105 secured.—Adj. Cooper.

Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—it is a great and fatal weakness, though arising from the fashions of the times themselves.



Water Street, Digby, N.S., showing Boat-Club and Taverns along the shore.



Water Street, Digby, N.S., showing Site for Building a Barracks, marked X.

If you have a
Love him;
That you love
Tinge his
Why should g
Of a friend—

If you hear a
Sung by an
Praise it—do
Wait deserv
Why should o
Lack the joy

If you hear a
By its humb
Join it—do no
Bow before
Why should n
The strength o

If you see the
From a bro
Share them; a
Own your k
Why should a
When a brothe

If a silvery la
Through the
Share it. "Tis
For both gr
There's health
In which an h

If your work
By a friend
Say so. Speak
Ere the dark
Should a brot
Falter for a w

Scatter thus yo
All enriching
Leave them, tr
He will mak
So until his ha
You will never

Gold

GATHER

Under this heading thoughts, the value of the term of everywhere these g enlighten, and ins appear, leaving but not occur to collect there that has not e his life, those teach so forcible, which n veal to it suddenly devotion? It may h a book, or a sentence which may have ha and, in passing, left power. It was the loved one whom we spoke to us of the s was the open look e vealed to us all th simplicity. If we h of light that cross o on our hearts, wha would have been to ment and sorrow, v actions, what consol heart! It is in this little from every s books, above all fro the intention of on dear souls, you your lives more h ure, then, these for a moment p heart, then scatt that they may go w help of others. Th will not even ask to desire fame. All th sient blessing.

"My Lord," excl
"give me every day

but full of gratitude
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flying here.

with the D. O. Adj.
ven Sound, and many
ion until meeting time.
a full hall. The music
an appreciative re-
the offering. This
set off back to Head-
good results of our
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door meetings, besides
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Moss at Dundas.

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open-air ring at night.
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d to see Brigadier Moss
y pleased to meet with
rd to a triumphant time
be the Brigadier's last
ome time.
Is the best yet.—Thos.

Id at Sydney.

accompanied by Major
Bermuda band, received
the Sydney. Popular in-
tch. Great crowds at-
bro. D. Smith's address
the West Indies was very
ere delighted with the
ual work accomplished.
d.—Adj. Cooper.

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The shame of poverty—
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hemselves.



arracks, marked X.

Sympathy.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him; yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it—do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you might impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it—do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them; and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship to the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine of his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother-workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them, trust the Harvest-Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So until its happy end
You will never lack a friend.

Gold Dust.

GATHERED BY W. R. H.

Under this heading we give a few devotional thoughts, the value of which seem to us well to deserve the term of gold. God has sown almost everywhere these golden grains, which sparkle, enlighten, and inspire for a moment then disappear, leaving but regret that the thought did not occur to collect and treasure them. Who is there that has not experienced, at some time in his life, those teachings so soft and gentle, yet so forcible, which make the heart thrill, and reveal to it suddenly a world of peace, joy, and devotion? It may have been but a word read in a book, or a sentence overheard in conversation, which may have had for us a two-fold meaning, and, in passing, left us touched with an unknown power. It was the smile on the lips of a beloved one whom we knew to be sorrowful, that spoke to us of the sweet joy of resignation. It was the open look of an innocent child that revealed to us all the beauty of frankness and simplicity. If we had but treasured all the rays of light that cross our path, and engraved them on our hearts, what a guide and comfort they would have been to us in the days of discouragement and sorrow, what counsels to guide our actions, what consolations to soothe the broken heart! It is in this simple work of gathering a little from every source—from nature, from books, above all from mankind itself. That is the intention of one of your fellow-creatures, dear souls, you who long so to make your lives more holy and devout! Treasure, then, these golden grains; let them for a moment penetrate deep into your heart, then scatter them abroad again, that they may go with their good words to the help of others. They will not be importunate, will not even ask to be preserved. They do not desire fame. All they seek is to convey a transient blessing.

"My Lord," exclaimed once a devout soul,
"give me every day a little work to occupy my

mind; a little suffering to sanctify my spirit; a little good to do to comfort my heart!"

If by our deeds we become saints, true it is that by our deeds also we shall be condemned. We are pressing onward, either toward salvation or eternal ruin; and when at last we reach the gate of Glory, or that of perdition, the cry escapes our lips, "Already!" If I tried to trace back to what first led to that act of sin, the thought that produced the desire, the circumstance that gave rise to the thought, I should find something almost imperceptible; perhaps a word with a double entendre I had heard, and at which I had smiled; a useless explanation, sought out of mere curiosity; a hasty look, cast I knew not wherefore, and which conscience prompted me to check; a prayer neglected, because it worried me; work left undone, while I indulged in some day-dream that flitted before my fancy. A week later the same things occur, but this time more prolonged, the stifled voice of conscience is hushed. Yet another week—alas! let us stop there, each can complete the sad story for himself, and it is easy to draw the practical conclusion.

A young girl, in one of those moments when the heart seems to overflow with conviction, wrote thus in her journal: "If I dared, I would ask God why I am placed in the world, what have I to do. If I might but do some good to myself, or another, if only for the short space of a minute in each day!" Why, nothing is easier! A word of advice, something lent to another, a little vexation patiently borne, a prayer for a friend offered to God, the fault or thoughtlessness of another repaired without his knowledge. God will recompense it all a thousand-fold.

What an easy and agreeable task is that of trying to render others happy. What sweet enjoyment to be able to shed a little happiness around us. It is not fair always to forget all the good or kindness shown to us by those with whom we live, for the sake of one little pain they may have caused us, and which, most likely, was quite unintentional on their part.

When you sometimes find in books, advice, or example, that you think may be of service, you take care to copy and consult it as an oracle. Do as much for the good of your soul. Engrave in your memory, and even write down, the counsels and precepts that you hear or read; then, from time to time, study this little collection, which you will not prize the less that you have made it all yourself. Books written by others in time become wearisome to us, but of those we write ourselves we never tire. And it will be yours, this collection of thoughts, chosen because you liked them; counsels you have given yourself; moral precepts you have discovered, and of which, perhaps, you have proved the efficacy.

Do you wish to live at peace with all the world? Then practice the maxims of an influential man, who, when asked, after the revolution, how he managed to escape the executioner's axe, replied, "I made myself of no reputation, and kept silence."

Would you live peaceably with the members of your family, above all with those who exercise a certain control of you? Use the means employed by a pious woman, who had to live with one of a trying temper, and which she summed up in the following words: "I do everything to please her; I fulfill all my duties with a smiling face, never revealing any trouble it may cause me; I forbear patiently everything that displeases me; I consult her on many subjects, of which, perhaps, I may be the better judge."

Would you be at peace with your conscience? Then let each moment of the day find you doing one of these four things, which once formed the rule of a saintly life: (1) Praying; (2) Laboring; (3) Striving after holiness; (4) Practising patience. Would you become holy? Try to add to the above actions the following virtues: Method, faith, spiritual combat, perseverance.

If you would live in an atmosphere of benevolence, make it your study to be always rendering

others service, and never hesitate to ask the same of them. In offering help, you make a step towards gaining a friend; in asking it, you please by this mark of your confidence. The result of this will be a constant habit of mutual forbearance, and a fear to be disobliging in matters of greater importance.

Major Archibald's Tour.

Major Archibald lectured on the Army's Prison Gate work in the Salvation Army barracks at Fencelon Falls last Wednesday night to a fairly good crowd. Capt. Banks, the energetic officer in charge, who has special reason for feeling happy these days, had done all in his power to make the meeting a success, but unfortunately a special excursion had been arranged, which took a great part of the citizens of the town away. Nevertheless, a nice little crowd assembled, and gave the best attention for an hour to the Major's talk. Dr. Gould kindly promised to fill the chair, but was prevented from being there for the opening exercises, coming in for the latter part of the lecture, and in time to express his appreciation of the Army work, both in word and in a substantial way.

On Thursday night the Major lectured to a good crowd in Lindsay, on the same subject. Rev. Mr. Roberts presided, and spoke words of sympathy, which did our hearts good to hear. Mrs. Major Howell, who, I am sorry to say is not well, was present and opened the service with prayer. The Major spoke with special freedom at Lindsay, and everybody listened very attentively to him as he outlined some of the work accomplished. Tears were flowing freely at times, while at other moments people were convulsed in laughter over some of the amusing incidents. The Lindsay people appreciate a good thing, and at the close of the address gave their "God bless you" in a very practical manner.

Lecturing in summer time is not, as a rule, the greatest success, but the Major's visit to these two corps was well worth the effort put forth. The officers at Lindsay, Ensign Carrie Staiger, who, by the way, was far from being in the proper condition to push a special meeting, and Capt. Gall, her assistant, worked hard and were well repaid. God bless Fencelon Falls and Lindsay.

Major Archibald was accompanied on the trip to the north by Capt. G. Walter Peacock, who assisted in the open air and indoors by his singing.—Special Scribe.

Eastern Soul-Saving Troupe.

The members of the troupe were pleased to see our old friend and warder, Capt. Graubard, who has been alone at Sumnerdale for some time holding the fort. We arrived at a fine, after a pleasant trip across the bay from Point-du-Chêne. We were told we had come to a hard job, and much faith and hard work were needed to break things up.

The good book says, "We shall reap if we faint not," and the Lord was not slack concerning His promise. We went at it in the good old-fashioned way, telling the truth and nothing but the truth. Crowds came to our meetings, our hall being filled every night, and the best of attention was given. For nearly three weeks the troupe fought hard and long, both in the open-air and inside. Different excuses were dealt with and thrashed out in the open-air as to why the people of Sumnerdale were not Christians.

Ensign Leves, the District Officer for the Island, and her assistant, Capt. Cowan, paid us a visit, and some good seed was sown. God bless them. We were glad to hear with us Brother McKay, who is acting-chairman of the Y.M.C.A. His short talks from time to time were appreciated by those present. Our own hall was too small for our Sunday meetings, and the Market Hall was secured, which seats about 600 people. This was well filled, and nine souls cried to find that day. The results of our meetings were as follows: 29 indoor meetings, attendance 1,695; 21 open-air meetings, attendance 225; income \$56.57; souls saved and sanctified 19. To God we ascribe all the glory. We wish to thank the Captain and friends for their kindness.

After a glorious dinner at Sumnerdale we proceeded to London-derry, making a few stops en route. London was the first stop to receive a visit from the troupe. Much credit is due to Ensign Carter for his timely announcement all over the town, which brought a splendid crowd. \$10.55 was raised and one soul came to Christ for pardon. We began a harvest of souls for the Kingdom.

Seaboard was the next place on the line. Never did the writer see a more appreciative people. They enjoyed the music and Bible talk by the Ensign. The officers and comrades from Amherst united with us here. Brass and drum bands were not wanting. A well-filled house, \$14, and two souls were the results. Praise God!

Amherst was our third stopping-place. It would be hard indeed to describe all that took place here. The open-air was one of the best, with the band at the head of the march. The people were soon attracted and hundreds stood around and drank in the story of Jesus and His love. The devil did his best to hinder us in the inside meetings, but we fought it out and finished up with thirteen in the fortnight.

Truro was last, but not least. We were pleased to see Capt. Munroe and his lieutenant, who are doing a good work here. A goodly number were present at our musical meetings. Mrs. McElhenny talked to us from the Word, made an appeal to the sinners to surrender to God, and conversion was very evident. One soul surrendered. We saw the Bermuda Band at the station and had a hearty shake-hands with the boys. May the Lord abundantly bless the efforts put forth here by the officers and soldiers. Friends were very kind to us.—To.

Chapter XXII.
BURGUNDIANS AND ARMAGNACS.
A.D. 1415-1422.

[illegible]

2 2

Spokane, Wash., 739 S. Chandler St. Staff-Capt. Just.
Vancouver, B.C., 789 Seymour St. Ensign Butler.
Toronto, Ont., 63 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.

Spokane, Wash., 739 S. Chawler St., Staff-Capt. Just.
Vancouver, B.C., 789 Seymour St. Ensign Butler.
Toronto, Ont., 68 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.

Vancouver, B.C., 789 Seymour St. Ensign Butler.
Toronto, Ont., 68 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.

The Market, Amsterdam, Holland

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

PASS IT ON.

Moderato.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on! 'Twas not given for thee alone? Pass it on!
2. Did you hear the lov-ing word? Pass it on! Take the sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on!

Let it tra-veldown the years, Let it wipe an- other's tears, Till in heav'n the dead ap-pears, Pass it on!
Let its mu-sic live and grow, Let it cheer an- other's woe; You have reap'd what others sow, Pass it on!

Cleanse My Heart.

BY CAPT. M. GIBSON, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

Tune.—*Near the cross* (B.J. 8).

Jesus, now I come to Thee,
Let the fire descending
Purge my heart from every sin,
Give me perfect cleans-ing.

Chorus.

Come just now, come just now,
Jesus, nicker and lowly,
Cleanse my heart and make me pure,
Sanctify me wholly.

In the past defeat I've seen,
By the wayside falling,
Feared not to follow in Thy s.e.p.s,
Disobeyed Thy calling.

Now, dear Lord, my all I bring,
On the altar laying,
Cleanse me now from inbred sin,
While to Thee I'm praying.

Now I see Thy precious blood,
For my cleansing flowing,
And the sanctifying power
Through my heart is going.

With Fire and Blood.

Tunes.—*Calcutta* (B.J. 29); *Guide me, great Jehovah* (B.J. 121).

2 Jesus, give Thy blood-washed Army
Universal liberty;
Keep us fighting, waiting calmly
For a world-wide jubilee.
Hallelujah!
We shall have the victory.

Thou hast bound brave hearts together,
Clothed us with the Spirit's might.
Made us warriors for ever,
Send us in the field to fight;
In the Army
We will serve Thee day and night.

'Neath Thy sceptre foes are bending,
And Thy name makes devils fly;
Christless kingdoms Thou art rending,
And Thy blood doth sin destroy;
For Thy glory
We will fight until we die.

Lift up valleys, cast down mountains,
Make all evil natures good;
Wash the world in Calvary's fountain,
Send a great salvation flood;
All the nations
We shall win with fire and blood.

With You Always.

BY CHAS. W. MCGEE, REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Tune.—*Friend in Jesus* (B.J. 28); *Let me love Thee* (B.J. 154); *I have pleasure in His service.*

3 "With you always." He has said it,
He, my Lord and Saviour dear;
I am weary, weak, and helpless,
But shall I give way to fear?
"With you always," in the sunshine,
When my life is glad and free;
"With you always," in the darkness,
When my way I cannot see.

Chorus.

"With you always," words of Jesus.
I will never, never fear;
"With you always," words of Jesus,
Words to comfort and to cheer.

"With you always," words of Jesus,
Sweetest music in my ear;
Even now I hear His whisper,
"Fear ye not, for I am near."
"With you always," I am resting
On the Saviour's precious word;
Anchor's safe, in storm or sunshine,
Anchor's safe in Christ my Lord.

Experience.

Tunes.—*My soul is now united* (B.J. 118); *I'd choose to be a soldier* (B.J. 125).

4 Oh, I have been to Jesus!
To me He's spoken peace;
To-day He is my refuge;
Oh, what a sweet release!
From every storm He hides me,
From sin He keeps me free;
In everything He guides me,
He's all-in-all to me.

Chorus.

Oh, glory to His name!
He's taken my sins away!
And now He keeps me happy,
As I trust Him day by day!

Once on the stormy billows
My sin-sick soul was tossed;
But now I'm in the harbor,
My fears and troubles lost.
I'm glad I've cast my anchor,
I'm sure that it will hold;
And I shall go to heaven
To share the love untold.

O comrade on life's ocean,
To-day may rise the storm;
Thy soul before the even
To depths of woe be borne.
Oh, step into the lifeboat,
That's launching out for thee;
No longer by the foul winds tossed,
Stay on sin's troubled sea.

He Came to Save.

BY CAPT. LILLY RICHARDS, SUSSEX.

Tune.—*Scatter seeds of kindness.*

5 Once there came to earth from heaven,
God's own Son, sin's curse to bear.
And to Him this name was given
That we love to breathe in prayer:
Precious Jesus, precious Jesus,
Let us sound it far and near,
For He came to save His people
From their sin, and doubt, and fear.

Chorus.

He came to save His people,
He came to save His people,
He came to save His people,
Will you let Him save you now?

Jesus loved the poor and needy,
While on earth He healed their pain;
Drunkards, harlots, or backsliders
Never turned to Him in vain;
And to-day He loves the sinner,
All who will may be forgiven,
For He came to save His people,
And to make them fit for heaven.

The Precious Blood.

Tunes.—*Oh, the Lamb* (B.J. 72).

6 A thousand thousand fountains spring
Up from the throne of God;
But none to me such blessings bring
As Jesus' precious blood.

Chorus.

Oh, the blood, the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,
Jus: now by faith I see.

That priceless blood my ransom paid,
While I in bondage stood;
On Jesus all my sins were laid;
He saved me with His blood.

By faith, that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay;
All praise to Jesus' blood!

This wondrous theme will best employ
My harp before my God;
And make all heaven resound with joy
For Jesus' cleansing blood.

Ere the Sun Goes Down.

Tune.—*Ere the sun goes down.*

7 You must get your sins forgiven
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;
If you wish to go to heaven
When the sun, when the sun goes down.
Oh, now to God be crying!
For your time is swiftly flying.
In the grave you'll soon be lying,
When the sun goes down.

Chorus.

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.
Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
Ere the sun goes down.

Every chance will soon be past,
When the sun, when the sun goes down.
Even this may be the last,
When the sun, when the sun goes down.
If this offer be rejected,
And salvation still neglected,
Death will come when least expected,
When the sun goes down.